

any English court—for both reasons have been suggested—he discovered on the first day of the match that it did not suit the slogging style, for it is more restricted in height (by a wire netting) than other courts, and his hard hits, when not perfectly accurate, flew up to the net, and were scored against him. No sooner had he recognised this little fact than he immediately changed his tactics and remodelled his style for the occasion. The floor now occupied his attention, and he played upon it persistently, except in special cases, in which he now and again developed his startling and lightning-like “force.”

It was curious to observe, as a study of character, how he thus modified his usual play, while his adversary, unconsciously imitating the vices of Pettitt's former style, began, in the stress of the contest, to play wildly and in the air, not often with commensurate success. Here, I think, lay the difference between the two men. Pettitt adapted himself at once, and instinctively, to the circumstances which controlled the combat; but Saunders was slower to recognise these conditions, attempted a slashing style, which was unsuccessful, and was constantly urged towards this course by the “service” of his antagonist, who never varied from the underhand delivery, which almost prevents the recipient from “cutting” his return.

On the first day, Saunders won three sets out of four. On the second, he lost as many out of the same total. On the third, with four sets to the credit of each player, and an exactly even number of strokes (209) won by each, confidence in our English player had abated, and the champion was expected to win. His task, however, was not easy. Saunders “played up,” as they say, in most manly and courageous fashion, took his punishment “like a gentleman,” and made the best fight he could in the circumstances. But the champion “carried too many guns” for him. The “rests”—as we call the protracted struggles for the decision of single strokes, or points—were frequently very long and stubbornly contested on both sides, the returns of the ball were fast, and often marvellous; but the American steadily wore down his antagonist's powers of resistance, and ended by winning three out of the four sets played that day. He thus secured the seven sets necessary to decide the match, and so won the stakes and retained the championship.

I am aware that I have been taxed with being prejudiced against Pettitt's style, and have been accused of criticising it elsewhere with undue severity. This is an accusation which I wish to repel with the strongest possible denial. But I have seen all the best exponents of the game, of the present and the last generations, and I find their style diametrically opposed to the principles on which he plays. His powers of eye and hand I recognise with as much admiration as anyone. But I think that he would now be even a greater player than he is if he could adopt some of their qualities and excellencies.

I cannot, perhaps, better corroborate my opinion than by quoting the words of two of the best living amateur players and judges of the game, Mr. J. M. Heathcote, who was the amateur champion of England for more than a quarter of a century, and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, his successor in that position. In the recent volume of the Badminton Library (“Tennis, Lawn-Tennis,” &c.), the first of these gentlemen writes:—“I now come to Pettitt. . . . He came to England in 1883. . . . At that time his style could hardly have been more faulty than it was. He knew little about cutting the ball, he had never seen any good play, and a boasted force was a revelation to him. . . . At present (1890) his style can scarcely be looked on as a model for imitation. . . . He is not a master of the subtle refinements of that ideal feature of the game, the ‘cut’; and, although his activity and admirable physique preclude any imputation of awkwardness, his stroke partakes more of the character of a ‘hit’ than the easy grace of a finished player.” This cannot be called an unkindly appreciation. Mr. Lyttelton, in criticising the play of a great cricketer, writes thus:—“There is a certain uncouthness and stiffness noticeable in the performance. Thus, he who measures skilfulness

by success will be abundantly satisfied; but he who, while giving full weight to supreme success, demands also consummate ‘form,’ will find something lacking even in the greatest cricketer the world has ever seen. The scorer will be filled with good things, but he whose heart is set upon beauty of style will be sent empty away. These observations apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to some others among the foremost players of games—conspicuously, for instance, to Pettitt, the champion tennis-player.”

Well, style or no style, Pettitt has won his match, as he deserved to do, by indomitable energy and perseverance, allied with extraordinary natural gifts; and we do not grudge him his victory. We must hope that Saunders will reverse the result on a future day; or, failing his success, that we may raise another aspirant worthy of the champion's place and honours. In the meanwhile, I must express the earnest wish that the amateurs of England, in conjunction, if possible, with those of the United States, would lay their heads together to formulate a set of regulations for the management of matches for this championship in the future, so that we may have no more unseemly disputations when the next occasion arises for the playing of such a match.

JULIAN MARSHALL.

“LA LUTTE POUR LA VIE.”

IN spite of the infinite precautions taken by M. Alphonse Daudet to prevent the drift and title of the latest and most dramatic of his plays from being misunderstood, his English critics seem resolved not to understand. Not only in the preface to *La Lutte pour la Vie*, but also through a speech put into the mouth of the avenging personage by whose hand the “*Struggle-for-lifeur*” is ultimately to fall, does the author declare that he is not occupying himself with the Darwinian theory, but with its misapplication by ignorant and unprincipled rascals who—in France, at least—hypocritically refer to it in justification of their own misdeeds. It may be said, moreover, that the law of the “survival of the fittest” is really exemplified in M. Daudet's piece, since the profligate hero, triumphant for a time, is at last suppressed by the father of one of his victims. M. Daudet begins his preface by reproducing the speech in which one of the characters in his play denounces that new type of adventurer who, according to M. Daudet, may be heard to say—“Scoundrel if you like. But what of that? I struggle for existence!”

The speech in question is as follows:—“I am certainly not speaking against the great Darwin, but against the hypocritical ruffians who invoke his name, and who out of the observations, the conclusions, of a scientific man, would form a rule of conduct for systematic application.” The *Times* critic, while ignoring the words just cited, quotes a small portion of the speech to which these words belong in order to show that M. Daudet means what he himself expressly declares he does not mean.

The principle that the so-called *Struggle-for-lifeur* has in view is really that of “Devil take the hindmost.” But that phrase has no scientific character, and would be valueless, indeed injurious, in the mouth of a “hypocritical ruffian.”

M. Daudet admits with admirable candour that the expression “*Struggle-for-lifeur*” is of his own invention. He knows that *Struggler-for-life* would have been more correct. But the French, he says, take a particular delight in massacring foreign words. Partly, therefore, to give joy to his fellow-countrymen and partly because they had already adopted from the English a term of analogous formation—“*high-lifeur*”—he deliberately made up for them that formidable compound word “*Struggle-for-lifeur*,” or more familiarly “*Strug-for-lifeur*,” pronounced by the French actors now appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre “*Strewgforleifer*.”

The author of the drama, *La Lutte pour la Vie*, out of the word “*Strug-for-lifer*,” had, we believe, a reason, which he has not made public, for introducing into the French language a word which the Academy will not introduce into its French

dictionary. He wished to irritate the illustrious Forty, with whom, since the publication of *L'Immortel*, he has been at open war. He knew that such a barbarism would vex the linguistic section of the Academy to the very heart. With what indignation it must have filled that very Academician who figures in one of the scenes of *La Lutte pour la Vie*, and who, scandalised at the reading of a new realistic novel before a distinguished audience, says that, if he had only been asked, he would have been quite ready to give them a chapter from his work on the "Silversmiths of the Twelfth Century!"

La Lutte pour la Vie is to be presented before the end of the year at the Avenue Theatre, with Miss Genevieve Ward in the part of the *Struggle-for-lifeur's* elderly wife, and with Mr. George Alexander in the part of the *Struggle-for-lifeur* himself. We have certainly no English dramatist who could write so strong a play as *La Lutte pour la Vie*; but we have one or two (say, Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Pinero) who might be trusted to produce a better play than *La Lutte pour la Vie* is likely to be after being subjected to the process of adaptation. In its original form much of it would fail to be understood by an English audience. Alter it in a vain attempt to suit it to the conditions of English life, and the work will be spoiled.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

WHEN the House of Commons re-assembled on Monday the attendance was small. In ordinary circumstances the Government might have expected to make some progress with Supply; but Sir George Campbell, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Picton, and Mr. Conybeare confronted the Government, and the Colonial vote afforded these and other members a fine opportunity for discussing affairs in nearly every part of the globe. As a matter of fact, the debates travelled from Heligoland in the north to the Western Pacific. Sir George Campbell revelled in the facilities which were presented to him. The member for Kirkcaldy seems to regard himself as a sort of inspector-general of the British Empire, and he keeps his watchful eye on the doings of the Foreign and Colonial Departments in every part of the world. On Monday night he treated the House to thirteen speeches, one of them considerably over a half an hour in length; but though his speeches were many no one could say that they were lively. Several minor questions were discussed, and the result was that the House did not reach the graver questions of Colonial policy, such as the question of Swaziland or the power of the South African Companies until past eleven o'clock. It was impossible to deal with them then, and progress was reported before they had been seriously entered upon. The result of the sitting was purely negative, for the Government did not get a single vote.

While on Monday it was difficult to keep a House for the discussion of Colonial questions, the members came down on Tuesday in great numbers to vote themselves a holiday on the Derby Day. Before, however, the House entered on that interesting question, there was a brisk debate on the conduct of Mr. Matthews and Mr. Monro in forbidding the temperance procession from going to Hyde Park except by the route fixed by the police authorities. Several of the Liberal metropolitan members attacked the action of the Home Office very strongly, and denounced it as an interference with the right of public demonstration. Mr. Matthews posed in an attitude of "sweet reasonableness." He had no desire to interfere with the right of public meeting, but the great thoroughfares of the Metropolis must be preserved for the use of the public. Mr. Childers pointed out, however, that these interferences with public processions were creating much indignation, and that on the whole it would be wiser to risk the inconvenience which they caused than drive them off the great thoroughfares. The House of course sustained the action of the Government by a large majority.

The suppression of the processions in London excited much less interest than the motion for the adjournment over the Derby Day. Lord Elcho, who made the motion, supported it in a vivacious and good-humoured speech. It was hardly kind to the Government to say that the withdrawal of all of their great measures would create less consternation than the scratching of the favourite for the Derby, and the sally was naturally more appreciated by the Opposition than the Tories. When, pointing to Mr. Chaplin, Lord Elcho said that "England expected the right hon. gentleman to go to the Derby, and that it would be inhuman cruelty to compel him to remain," the hit at the Minister of Agriculture convulsed the House. Sir W. Lawson led the Opposition; Mr. Labouchere, "for this occasion only," sided with the Tories; and Mr. Conybeare appeared to point the moral of the debate. The motion was carried by the small majority of 27, and in this division the supporters of the Derby holiday no doubt read the doom of that "time-honoured institution."

After this lively diversion the House applied itself to the graver question of education. Sir W. Hart-Dyke in a confused and ragged style explained the objects and scope of the new code, and his statement was followed by a long discussion. The education vote, however, was not obtained, so that Supply remains where it was when the House met on Monday.

On Thursday Mr. Goschen surprised the House by the announcement that on Monday the Committee on the Land Bill would be taken, and that it would be proceeded with from day to day until the Speaker was out of the chair. The Opposition loudly cheered this intimation, interpreting it as the first step towards the abandonment of the Publicans Compensation Bill.

Sir E. Watkin once more invited the judgment of the House on his Channel Tunnel scheme. Sir M. H. Beach in opposing the Bill dwelt largely on the military aspect of the question, and treated the measure as one for abolishing the Silver Streak. Mr. Gladstone treated these alarmist views with contempt. The objections to the tunnel on the score of danger were absolutely ridiculous. He thought the attitude of this country in face of France was humiliating, and reminded the opponents of the scheme that England had invaded France ten times as often as France had invaded this country. Only three speeches were delivered, and Sir E. Watkin obtained the best division he has yet had on the question. The Bill was defeated by a majority of 81.

On the motion to go into committee on the Tithe Bill, Mr. Stevenson proposed an instruction empowering the Committee to provide for a more equitable distribution of tithe. But the Government refused to entertain the proposal, which, by the aid of the closure, was rejected by a majority of 43.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "KREUTZER SONATA."

SIR,—The article published in your last number under the title of "An Awful Warning" contains this passage in reference to the "Kreutzer Sonata": "The rest of the book (276 pp. in the French translation, Alphonse Lemerre: 230 pp. in Mr. Sutherland Edwards's English translation, because he has bowdlerised)," &c. If the amount of matter contained in a book is to be determined by the number of pages, the French translation of the "Kreutzer Sonata" published by the "Bibliographic Bureau" of Berlin must have been more severely abridged than even mine—according to Count Tolstoi's critic in *THE SPEAKER*—has been; for it contains only 186 pages. Yet "La Sonate à Kreutzer" as the French version published at Berlin is inaccurately called, and "La Sonate de Kreutzer" as the French version published at Paris is ignorantly called, are substantially identical. Without venturing to offer any solution of this startling puzzle, allow me to state that my English translation has been made—with the omission, perhaps, of a dozen words, but not of one idea—from the typographical reproduction, published at Berlin,

of the lithographic reproduction, circulated privately in Russia, of Count Tolstoi's original Russian manuscript. The only sentence which gave me serious trouble in the way of "bowdlerisation" is the one which closes the book. This, however, is the writing not of Count Tolstoi, but of St. Matthew.—Yours faithfully,

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

P.S.—I contented myself with giving the effect of St. Matthew's words, while adding chapter and verse for those who might wish to find the very words in the Gospel. Both the French translators modify St. Matthew's expression while committing the error of presenting them between turned commas.

FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.

SIR,—Your "Novelist" is no doubt right; but so is Mr. Grant Allen. We *are* demoralised for the moment, and that is a fact. The very names cited by your correspondent prove Mr. Grant Allen's case. They are the names of excellent and eminent writers who have withstood the temptation to pander to the passion for blood. But what, alas! has been the result? That not one of them can now secure for any work of his a sale approaching that of "King Solomon's Mines" or the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," or any of the more famous productions of the "bluggy" class of fiction. Who is to blame for it? Why do I sit down of an evening to a "shilling shocker," or a six-shilling thriller, with a sense of expectation of which I know nothing when with leisurely hand I cut the pages of Mr. Hardy's or Mr. Black's newest story? I suppose I have been demoralised. I fear it is so. Indulgence in this new fiction is like dram-drinking—it unfits you for anything else. We must wait for time and circumstance to effect a cure. At present I fear that I am only one of the "awful examples" Mr. Grant Allen would parade upon the platform if he were to give a lecture on the evils of dram-drinking in fiction.

In the meantime, let me say with thankfulness that there are still some kinds of fiction not of the "bluggy" type which have attractions for me, and I am thankful to say that they are liberally represented in the pages of THE SPEAKER. I revel in "Thrums Gossips" and in Q.'s wonderful little sketches.—Yours faithfully,
June 3, 1890. A NOVEL-READER.

PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP.

SIR,—The subject is so important that I hope you will allow me to say something in reply to your correspondent "An Irishman" regarding Peasant Proprietorship.

No doubt it is true that the old copyhold tenure was attended with many most inconvenient incidents; and a more complete form of sub-proprietorship, the Scotch "Feu," was, in its older forms, accompanied by vexatious "casualties" and other obligations and restrictions, leading to difficulties between Landlord and Feuar which I very much know, to my cost. But I entirely deny that anything of the kind attaches to the quasi-proprietorship of the Irish farmer under the Act of 1881. The only serious restrictions are on sub-dividing and sub-letting, and these might perhaps be considerably relaxed. I have admitted, too, that the machinery for fixing the rent fairly and uniformly should be improved. The theory of fair rent is well established, but he practice probably leaves much to be desired. There should be a regular "Settlement Department," such as we have in India, to fix rents in a systematic and scientific way.

For the rest, there remains only the periodical variability of the rent. Under the circumstances of Ireland, I should be glad to see a "Permanent Settlement" made; but meantime the present system, with provision for variation with reference to prices, as under the Act of 1887, if well administered, should be by no means intolerable. I can vouch for it that the Scotch Feus with which I have had to deal were, and are, subject to rents varied with the price of grain and meal as settled by the "Fiars" prices struck annually in every county of Scotland, and that this system there works perfectly smoothly without any hitch whatever.—Your obedient servant,

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

June 4, 1890.

UNITED STATES LOTTERIES.

SIR,—Allow me to point out one or two inaccuracies in the paragraph on the above subject in your last issue, viz.—

1. The question pending in the State of Louisiana is not a revival of lottery privileges. There is a lottery expressly sanctioned by the State in full operation there. Its charter of twenty-five years expires on December 31st, 1893, and the Lottery Company are now seeking a renewal of their privileges for a further period of twenty-five years from January 1st, 1894. The evils attending a lottery, and the iniquity of extending the charter

of the Company, are being forcibly brought before the electors of Louisiana at the moment by the majority of the clergy of all denominations, by some of the most respected names in the State, including, I am happy to say, the Governor of the State. It is to be hoped success may attend their patriotic efforts, but the general impression is that the Lottery Company—a rich and powerful corporation—will succeed in influencing or purchasing a sufficient majority of votes in the State Legislature.

2. There is an Act of Congress which permits the Post Office to refuse to carry lottery circulars. In point of fact, the Post Office has refused for years to carry any mail matter addressed to the Lottery Company of Louisiana, but the latter has overcome the difficulty by having its correspondence sent under cover to the Louisiana National Bank.

The importance of the subject, and its far-reaching consequences, is my apology for troubling you.—I am, yours faithfully,
S.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.

Friday, June 6, 1890.

THERE have been many disputes between Englishmen and Scotsmen, and those of them that are settled have been so in a variety of ways—on battle-fields, with single-sticks, and in the courts of law. One of these disputes was about the Bible as an article of commerce. The King's Printers in England, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, possessed, under letters patent, the monopoly of printing and selling in England all editions and copies of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. The King's Printers in Scotland had the like monopoly in Scotland, with the additions of the Book of Psalms, the Confessions of Faith, and the two Catechisms.

Litigation was under the circumstances inevitable, though it did not begin quite as soon as would have been the case had the question been one of doctrine. Scotch Bibles were imported into England, and English Bibles into Scotland. Had prices been maintained, the monopolists would probably have left each other alone; but the Scotch printers began to undersell their English brethren. In the first year of the century Scotch Bibles were selling in the London shops at the popular price of 11s. 2d. a copy, the proper English price being 17s. 3d. What is more, the Scotch Bible was printed on better paper and in better type, and its text was equally pure. Proceedings could of course be no longer delayed, and in 1802 the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge sought and obtained from Lord Eldon an injunction restraining a London bookseller from selling Scotch Bibles. Thereupon the Scotch printers presented a Bill of suspension and interdict against two Edinburgh booksellers from importing and selling any of the books contained in the Scotch patent. They were equally successful; and thus the wrong kind of Bible was driven across the Border, and had in future to disseminate itself within its own sphere of influence.

It was at one time supposed that the King's right to the English Version was based on copyright. It used to be said that King James paid for the translation, therefore it became his and his successors'. There is, however, no evidence in support of this contention, and it was thought wiser to rest the right upon prerogative. It is the duty of the King to preserve the purity of the Sacred Text, and to make his subjects acquainted with it. Her present Majesty has wisely thought she best discharges this duty by relaxing her prerogative altogether. The Bible Society and Mr. Bagster have made an end of Her Majesty's Printers so far as Holy Writ is concerned.

But, as a basis of right, prerogative was preferable to copyright—a much safer thing to rest on.

The history of copyright in this country is a history of almost comical disaster. Down to the Act of Queen Anne the rights of

authors rested upon the Common Law alone, and by that Common Law, authors and those who came after them by descent, devise, or assignment, possessed for all time, century in and century out, the sole exclusive right of printing and publishing the books they or their predecessors in title had written.

This was the right of authors, a right established, declared, unmistakable. But they had a grievance which was not, to speak pedantically, a grievance of substantive but of adjective law. Their complaint was of legal process. This crippled them. Whilst the Star Chamber lasted they had not much to complain of; that court acted summarily. But when it was abolished the pirated author was left to the ordinary remedy of the injured proprietor. He had to bring an action and to prove damage. Litigation in those days was not easy; pleadings were pleadings then. Besides which, when judgment was recovered the knavish bookseller often proved a pauper. He had always plenty of time to become one *pendente lite*. Authors, not liking this, began to clamour for improved methods of enforcing their Common-Law rights; and accordingly, in the eighth year of Queen Anne, in the Augustan Age of Literature, the first copyright statute was passed, ironically intitled "An Act for the encouragement of learned men to compose and write useful books."

It was a well-meant statute. It was the authors' own. Alone they did it. Perhaps I am wrong in saying this. The booksellers and printers had also a good deal to do with it. Do you ask their interest? I mournfully reply—that of the assignee. These assignees are the weak point in the case for an eternity of copyright. In 1680, one Ponder was declared the true proprietor of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Jacob Tonson was long the owner of "Paradise Lost." Rights which could hardly have been denied to a race of Bunyans or Miltons seemed of no great account when vested in Ponders and Tonsons. But these gentlemen acquired their rights by purchase. This, however, is a digression.

The Act of Queen Anne was promoted by authors, booksellers, and printers, and it appears plainly on the face of the petition they presented to the House of Commons, that all they were after was to get rid of the inadequacy of the Common-Law remedies and the difficulty of proving actual damage. Whom they employed to draft their Bill is not recorded. It proved a most perfidious bark, and made shipwreck of as fine a property as ever the world saw.

The Act provided that the authors of books already printed, who had not transferred their rights, and the booksellers or other persons who had purchased the copy of any books in order to print or reprint the same, should have the sole right of printing them for a term of twenty-one years from the 10th of April, 1710, and no longer, and that authors of books not then printed should have the sole right of printing for fourteen years and no longer. The Act then proceeded to impose what its promoters really wanted—penalties for infringement.

At the end of twenty-one years up rose the question—Had or had not the statute destroyed the Common-Law right, and substituted for its eternity a miserable term of years?

This dread question was after much litigation finally settled against the author by the House of Lords, in the great case of *Donaldson v. Beckett*, the history of which, stated shortly, was somewhat as follows:—James Thomson, a man of genius, wrote his famous poem "The Seasons" out of his own head. Three of the "Seasons" he sold to Andrew Millar, a brother Scot but a bookseller, for a hundred guineas. The fourth "Season," the vernal one, he likewise sold with other goods to the same purchaser for a slightly higher price; thereby Millar, the man of business, became by purchase the owner of what the man of genius had

written out of his own head. One Taylor pirated Millar's "Seasons," and Millar brought his action like a man in the King's Bench. Taylor set up the defence that the statute of Queen Anne had destroyed the old Common-Law right, and that Millar having enjoyed his property for the statutory period, had no more rights therein, thereto, or thereover, than anybody else, not even than the author himself. Lord Mansfield would not hear of this defence, and held that the statute had no such malign effect. Mr. Justice Willes took the same view as his lordship. So did Mr. Justice Aston. Mr. Justice Yates, however, dissented for "near three hours."

In the meantime Millar died, and at a sale of his properties Beckett was declared the purchaser of Thomson's "Seasons" at the price of £505. At this time there flourished in Edinburgh a bookseller of the name of Donaldson (whose fortune founded the hospital of that name), who deemed it to be his duty to supply mankind with cheap books. He lamented the obstacles which high prices put in the way of honest poverty. He panted to place Thomson's "Seasons" in the hands of every Scotsman. He accordingly, without leave or licence from Beckett, published and vended a cheap edition. Thereupon Beckett filed his Bill in Chancery, praying for an injunction. This is the case which found its way to the House of Lords. What happened there?

This happened. The judges were summoned and asked whether by Common Law there was perpetual copyright, and whether the statute of Queen Anne had destroyed that perpetual copyright if it existed. Eleven judges attended, and when they came to give their answers it appeared that ten of them agreed that there was perpetual copyright by Common Law, and six of them that the statute had destroyed it. Five stuck to it that the statute had no such effect, and that perpetual copyright still existed. The House of Lords adopted the opinion of the majority. Thus by one vote were authors and their assignees turned out of the paradise of perpetuity and made wretched termors of their own wits and property.

It was notorious that Lord Mansfield concurred with the minority, but it being unusual (from reasons of delicacy) for a peer to support his own judgment upon an appeal to the House of Lords, he did not speak. But for his delicacy the decision might very well have been the other way. Law lords should be made of sterner stuff.

It is a terrible story of wrong and of death by misadventure. But the most sanguine of authors never dreams of a legislative reversal of the decision in *Beckett v. Donaldson*. He must, and does, poor patient soul, rest content with the periods of ownership Parliament doles out to him. At present he and his hold their own for the period of his life, *plus* seven years, or for forty-two years, whichever may prove the longer. At the end of that time his interest ceases, his palings are pulled down, his children or assignees turned out of possession. In a word, his property is destroyed without a penny of compensation.

The weal of mankind is said to demand this interference with the natural rights of a man over the work of his brain and hand. Cheap books are a necessity. We want them; we must have them. This difficulty was felt in Queen Anne's time. The statute was aimed at the pirate; but, lest the effect of abolishing piracy should be to raise the price of books unconscionably high, the statute created a "Fair Price Court," to fix, if complaint were made, the proper price at which a book should be published. Such was the wisdom of our ancestors!

Much lies in this point of cheap books. Present prices, though showing a tendency to fall, are still simply ridiculous. Thirty-two shillings, twenty-four shillings, twelve shillings, who

is going to give sums like these to possess books of possibly no value? "Paradise Lost" was published for three shillings. Half-a-guinea would be its present price.

If we published books cheap in England, we should soon get copyright with America. Besides, competition between the living and the dead would then come into existence. As it is, the dead cheap author has it all his own way. When you can get Shelley for one shilling, and Wordsworth for another, you think twice before you pay ten times the price for the works of a bard whose only superiority lies in the fact, to you immaterial, that he is still alive.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

HATFIELD MANUSCRIPTS: 1583-1589.

CALENDAR OF THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE MOST HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G., Preserved at Hatfield. Part III. Price 2s. 1d. Historical Manuscripts Commission. 1889.

THIS volume of the Hatfield Manuscripts extends from 1583 to 1589: during these years, the enemies of England and of Elizabeth redoubled their activity and their zeal; the irreconcilable hatreds of the century flamed out, at last, into open war; and the result was a splendid and a lasting victory, both in arms and in statesmanship, for the wisdom, for the patience, and for the courage of our greatest sovereign. When Elizabeth succeeded, the English Court had been for some years a mere dependency of Spain: we were at war with France, and Calais had been taken; the Popes were eager to retrieve their losses, or at least to hold the slender and deceptive advantages they had snatched from the unwilling Parliaments of Mary; Ireland was always plotting or in rebellion, and the affairs of Scotland were full of complications and of danger. At home, the coinage was debased, the revenue in confusion, and the exchequer empty. England was troubled by two religious factions, and each of them had embittered their theological differences by grossly misusing the opportunities of power: their spite and their rancours were aggravated alike by their fears and by their hopes; by the uncertainty of the future, and by all the possibilities of a doubtful and a disputed succession. It is Elizabeth's chief glory that she would not condescend to the leadership of either side; she determined to be the ruler of a united people, and to remember the interests of that large and quiet majority whose chief desire is for protection, for prosperity, for order. Peace was made with France, and was preserved with Scotland; and there was not an open rupture with Spain until the eve of the Armada. The government was economical, and firm; security and confidence were restored, prosperity and happiness returned; and the energies of the country were schooled and satisfied by the brilliant and profitable enterprises of Drake, and of his fellow-adventurers. Elizabeth insisted, and it was needful, upon the outward appearance of religious conformity; because, in those days, conformity in religion was an almost indispensable test of civil allegiance: but the wording of the statutes was harsher than their usual administration: if the laws were severe they were impartial; and the wisdom of the Queen's policy was no less conspicuous than its vigour, its astuteness, and its success. During many years, the greater proportion of nonconformists, both Papist and Puritan, were content to worship in their parish churches; and, for an equal period, the Queen's diplomacy secured a hollow semblance of peace. But no single Government could be trusted by the English Ministers; and Elizabeth was forced, against her private inclinations, to have dealings with the popular leaders in Scotland and in the Low Countries, and with the Protestant minority in France. In return, the Pope and the Spaniards tampered with Ireland, and made use of the English exiles and of the adherents of Mary Stuart; while Catherine de' Medici and her sons were only withheld from joining the Catholic alliance by their fear and their hatred of the Guises, by their loose and vacillating management of their own afflicted kingdom, and by a well-founded mistrust of all the House of Austria, especially of Spain.

In spite of the revolutions in Scotland, of the activity of Mary Stuart, of the Northern rising, and of the Bull of St. Pius V., Elizabeth maintained peace in England, and secured the pro-

perity and the affection of her people. France, meanwhile, was wounded by civil wars and religious massacres; the Netherlands were in revolt; and all the neighbours of Spain were harassed and alarmed by the movements of Philip II. In 1579, the Catholics entered upon a more resolute and united action against Elizabeth. In that year, Saunderson, a Papal agent, went into Ireland; and the natives were aided by a military force of Spanish and Italians. In the same year, Esmé Stuart was sent into Scotland; there was a great revival of Catholicism among the nobles; Morton was beheaded, the English party was destroyed; Mary was to be restored, and, when the way was thus open, an army of Spaniards and French was to pass through into England. There, the Jesuits and the Seminary Priests were preparing a rebellion, and trying to animate a Spanish party; in consequence, the High Commission Court became vigilant and active. Elizabeth and her advisers were not slow to take up the quarrel; though they had rather to restrain than to encourage the enthusiasm of the people. The Duke of Guise meditated a joint invasion with the Spaniards; but Walsingham unravelled the negotiation. Throgmorton, the agent, was arrested, and King Philip's ambassador was dismissed the country. The murder of William the Silent, in 1584, led to the national association to protect, or to avenge, Elizabeth. An alliance was formed with Holland, and an army sent there; and Drake made his famous voyage of conquest and plunder to the Spanish colonies. The exposure of Babington's conspiracy was followed by the trial and the death of Mary Stuart: Philip, to whom she had bequeathed her imaginary rights, determined at length to invade England; and Sixtus V. proclaimed a crusade against Elizabeth. Drake's expedition to Cadiz delayed the Armada during 1587; but it came, and was conquered, in the following year. A few months later, the Duke of Guise was murdered; Henry III. soon followed him; and, in the victory of Henry IV., Elizabeth saw her own interests triumphant in France. From Philip she had no longer anything to fear; instead of being invaded, she became the invader, and the English fleets made an annual attack upon the shores of Spain.

The volume of Burghley's manuscripts now published contains papers which refer to all the stirring events in the most important years of Elizabeth's reign. Some of the documents are now printed for the first time; and though they contain minute and interesting details, there is nothing which can affect the general views and verdicts of Elizabethan history. The documents about Mary Stuart are very numerous: there are six of her own letters; there is a minute account of her death and burial, and of the subsequent quarrel between Elizabeth and the Ministers: most interesting, perhaps, of the documents which refer to her, are Burghley's lists of reasons for and against her execution. In a long letter to Mary Stuart, there is an interesting account of James VI.; which proves that none of his talents, his pedantries, nor his disgusting habits have been exaggerated. To his great credit, we must mention the wise and liberal provisions for a union between England and Scotland, which was drawn up in 1586; both then, and in 1607, James was too enlightened for the public opinion of his day: through the selfishness, the prejudice, and the stupidity of the average English Conservative, the union with Scotland was delayed for more than a century; in this matter, history is repeating itself. Most interesting, too, are the numerous references to Henry III.; and to Philip, that "little old fellow," as someone wrote in 1588, "never in his life in more perfect health, both of body and mind," and managing everything himself throughout his whole dominions. These papers contain the usual amount of strange and variable spelling; though, perhaps, "soer pelop sedne," for Sir Philip Sidney, has more than the usual eccentricity. It adds to the historical interest of these papers that a descendant of the two great Cecils should still be directing the policy of England: though here history does not altogether repeat itself; for he is not, as his ancestors were on the whole, upon the side of progress, of the people, and of posterity.

HEINE, NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST.

HEINE AS NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST: BEING A SELECTION FROM HIS LONGER WORKS, IN ENGLISH. By R. McLintock. London: Roper & Drowley. 1890.

IT seems ungracious to suggest that Mr. McLintock's labour as a translator might have been more advantageously employed than in his present effort; for it is an altogether praiseworthy undertaking to acquaint English readers with the less-known writings of Heine. The translator, in fact, deserves much credit for no

displaying himself as the counterpart of the amateur whom nothing short of Hamlet will satisfy for a *début*, or of the thousand and first translator of *Faust* while *Alexis* and *Dora* goes a begging. It is only his selection with which we are disposed to quarrel. Surely such intensely Heinean inspirations as the "Confessions," or "The Gods in Exile," or the weirdly fantastic ballet of *Doctor Faust*, would have rewarded his pains far better than the pair of abortive tragedies in which Heine appears under the influence of Byron, and fights against nature and his stars for the first and last time in his life. The pieces have undoubtedly a certain personal interest. *Ratcliff*, like "Werther," discloses the poet in the act of cleansing his bosom of much perilous stuff; and *Almansor*, which in its stilted heroics and utter alienation from all genuine Oriental feeling reminds us oddly of Dryden's Moorish tragedies, not obscurely adumbrates certain passages of Heine's own biography. These, however, are scarcely sufficient reasons for inflicting them on an English public, which certainly will not appreciate them. "The Rabbi of Bacharach" is far more interesting, and deserves translation, not only for its genuine merit, but as exhibiting Heine in one of the most favourable sides of his various character, his patriotic pride in his own race, and his appreciation of the Jewish poetry which redeems even Jewish squalor. In his lyrical renderings Mr. McLintock has manifested sound judgment by abstaining from the pursuit of ethereal and elusive beauty, and confining himself to poems weighted with substance, whose translator "works upon stuff." His versions of "The Poet's Last Vision," and "The Slave Ship," in particular, strike us as exceedingly good; and it is not his fault if the unrhymed trochees of "Bimini" and "Vitzliputzli" become tedious and monotonous in English. In his dramatic translations he perhaps adheres too closely to his original in the matter of compound epithets, better suited to the genius of the German language than to that of ours. Notwithstanding this and some other minor defects, he has done as much as well could be done to gratify those who may share Shelley's curiosity "to see what sort of a tragedy a person without dramatic talent can write."

VINET.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER VINET. By Laura M. Lane. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

THERE is a curious impression of failure left by a study of Vinet, an impression which is deepened rather than relieved by the manifest enthusiasm he inspired in his disciples. A man of the rarest moral and intellectual gifts, sincere, devoted, content with little material comfort and careless of reputation; an ardent philosopher, a touching poet, a critic of almost inspired insight and feeling; a political thinker, great enough to be fired by the wrongs of alien races, and serious enough to treat them with the same caution and balance he thought necessary in the case of his own people; a speaker whose sway over the hearts of his audience was only surpassed by his magical influence in private friendship over beings as far removed from one another as T. Erskine, Ste. Beuve, Chateaubriand, Monnard, and the old peasants who came to him for advice on politics, or how to be cured of ill-temper; this man lost himself in the blind alley of revivalist theology, and spent his best strength in volumes of dogmatic apologetics! It is sad to turn from the deep literary criticisms, full of true religion as well as true sympathy, of the earlier Vinet, to the sermons on "Grace and Law" and even "The Folly of Truth." It is sad to find the delightful letters of his youth, whether to Monnard and others on politics, or to Mme. Vinet on mineral springs and glaciers and holiday-making, changed to the introspective sombreness—we had almost said "narrowness"—of his age. It is this failure—this disappointment, rather, for it is too hard to call it failure—which makes such a tragic interest in the problem of Vinet's life. His one fault was want of courage; and he was in a position where not only courage was necessary, but that superlative refinement of courage which makes a man not only to resist oppression, but to keep his mind so unbiassed as always to give the oppression its due. Vinet was born in 1797, and was in the most impressionable and active period of his youth when the Calvinistic revival in Switzerland was violently clashing with the ancient respectability of the Consistory of Geneva. This struggle gave

Vinet's mind the theological turn which, in the opinion of the present writer, was so detrimental to it. At first sight the combat was curious enough. It was like the Wesleyan revival in England, but more exaggerated. On the one hand the hard keen young Calvinists, the "mummers," as popular disrespect nicknamed them, with creeds of alarming narrowness and damnation ready for all who jibbed at a simple dogma; on the other hand a cosy and well-liking old church, strangely degenerated from the ardour of the Reformation, strongly tinged with eighteenth century philosophy, and readier to tolerate a large dose of loose-living and loose-thinking in individual pastors. Then a dangerous half-foreign movement of incomprehensible strictness, calculated to annoy respectable citizens and to discredit established dignities. Even an advanced churchman, for instance, denounces the practice of holding religious meetings on Sunday evenings; "it would be tantamount to condemning those who spend them in card-playing, and we have no right to judge others!" Between these two parties the liberal and deeply religious mind of Vinet was forced into an independent position. He begins by attacking the narrowness of the "Methodists:" he ends by so zealously defending religious liberty, when the Consistory and the Vandor's Church were persecuting the revival, that he was popularly classed among the Methodists. So far he had the great merit, the merit of one who is a philosopher as well as a hero, of thinking independently, earnestly, and with perfect charity, in a struggle where both parties were too wrong to deserve adherence. But the key to Vinet's development is given by a third influence.

Besides the two religious parties, there was the great Democratic movement spreading all over Europe to prepare for 1848, a movement the roots of which were in the eighteenth century, and which was on the whole both revolutionary and anti-Christian—that is, opposed to any existing system of Christianity. It is this great sceptical movement, associated closely with the movement for Social Advance, which made Vinet's reason stagger and give way to a somewhat vacillating faith. His letters to Chateaubriand and to Ste. Beuve illustrate this phase of his mind. He realised deeply the absolute need of religion, in a wide sense, to inspire every great social movement; a movement for practical and material advance with no religion beneath it, was revolting to him. He was just the same in politics as in literature. He hated literature not based upon spirituality; he asserts more than once that no poetry can come of scepticism nor of ennui. He got over his fear of the romantic movement, because he saw the spirit underlying it, and welcomed its sweeping changes: the modern realist school would have infuriated him. It is in this spirit that he revolts against the Radical or Socialist movement in France and Switzerland; it is sceptical and material, and he will have religion or nothing.

He might have got his religion in many ways, had he had the rare patience and width of mind to see it where it existed in forms different from those he knew. There was Comte; there was Mazzini; there was a vaguely felt yet true religion, disguised as its own enemy—scepticism—running through the great movement of 1848. But Vinet could apparently recognise no religion wider than his own. He was broader and deeper than Methodists or Consistory; he was more spiritual and more really liberal than the Rationalists whom he despises so much. Rationalism always strikes him as carping and dry; he embraces his theology all together; "having given himself entirely to Christ, he will not haggle with him about crumbs." He confesses here and there in intimate letters that he has doubts he never revealed. His long refusal to enter the ministry may have been influenced by these. He avoids in his "Discours" the more painful doctrines of his orthodox theology. But in the main he has fled from the great battle which he should have led, and has given up his great intellect and his pure soul to fight as a common soldier in a cause for which he is too noble.

His life is worth reading for a thousand reasons. His letters are simply charming; his views always generous and profound. On Ireland, on Socialism, on National Education he has much to teach; his essay on Ste. Beuve's *Volupté* is one of the most moving and profound works of the kind ever written. His whole treatment of the emancipation of women is full of nobleness. In fine, despite the partial failure we have dwelt upon above, Vinet achieved in his life three great works: he advocated liberty of conscience with a zeal, an eloquence, a strong logic, which even that great cause has seldom inspired; he moulded with his influence a large number of the greatest thinkers of his day, and his influence was always for good; in company with Ste. Beuve and others, he introduced into literary criticism a depth and earnestness which make it almost religious.

The author of this life has done her work in a very modest and self-effacing way, yet the zeal of a disciple shows on every page. Perhaps the book is too much composed of extracts and translations, and lacks coherency; there are occasionally mistakes in French, as p. 173, "I ignore the rules"; and a false quotation on p. 262. (Should it be "Nous n'avons point de choux cet au"?). On the whole the book is carefully and interestingly done, and gives a good picture of Vinet's character from an orthodox religious standpoint.

POETS, AND ANOTHER.

THE QUEST OF SIR BERTRAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By R. H. Domenichetti. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

PRIMAVERA: Poems. By Four Authors. Oxford: Blackwell. 1890.

IPHIGENIA IN DELPHI, &c. By Richard Garnett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE PROVING OF GENNAID: A MYTHOLOGICAL ROMANCE. By Landred Lewis. London: Elliot Stock.

THE University of Oxford is, in some respects, a great institution. Every year, for instance, it produces one poem, neither more nor less, which receives a prize, and several others (the precise number is unknown) which do not. The prize poem, the Newdigate, is printed; and one copy is annually bound (for the author). What becomes of the others it is not lawful to mention; for only the Registrar of the University knows, and wild horses will not drag the secret from him. It is believed that he commits one to heart every night before going to bed.

Mr. Domenichetti won the Newdigate, not so long ago, with a poem still pleasantly remembered by "men" of his generation. It was a time when the passion for Rossetti, Swinburne, and Morris (William of that name), which had flamed in the undergraduate heart, was growing cold, but was not by any means defunct. And in his new volume Mr. Domenichetti is still at the feet of the romantics; or, to speak more precisely, his muse belongs to the stained-glass window school. She treats of knights, and palmers grey, and fair ladies, and dim aisles, and fretted roofs, and choristers who swing the gold censér, not to mention lepers and jongleurs, and all such cattle. The reflected light of Coleridge is upon them, and of Rossetti; and the country they pass through belongs now to one, now to the other, of these two immortals. When we read—

"In the valley green the Hermit dwells,
In his cave by the streamlet's rim,
Faintly he hears our Abbey bells
By morn and twilight dim,"

we have an uneasy feeling that, if so, the Hermit is trespassing. And again at these lines—

"The Paynim's daughter paced at morn
Along the garden-close,
And turning to her maids high-born,
Asked them, 'What strains be those?'

"Then spake straightway her fair ladies,
"Two Christian knights, pardie,
Chant ballads sad and love ditties
To loves they ne'er shall see"—

we cannot help the suspicion that these high-born damsels, like the young man in the *Viva Voce*, "got their answer out of a little book." Yet to say this much and no more would be to do Mr. Domenichetti a signal injustice. His verse shows often a rare ear and a rare technical skill. In a whole volume you shall not catch one discord. It is only the extremely foolish who insist on originality in a young poet: for it is not a mere paradox to say that originality is in nine cases out of ten the last gift that comes to a true artist—a man learns technique enough to imitate well before he grasps the means of expressing his own thought. Mr. Domenichetti is just now standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet. It is natural to look back on the pretty country he has travelled; but it is time for him to dive, and we have an impression that, once in, he will strike out very gallantly.

"Primavera," a modest little volume in brown-paper covers, is the joint work of four Oxford undergraduates—Messrs. Stephen Phillips, Manmohan Ghose, Arthur S. Cripps, and Laurence Binyon. The last-named has just carried off the Newdigate. We have not seen the poem yet, but expect that its author would rather be judged by the verses before us. Indeed they strike the

right note of poetic youth—of those splendid moments when life is a pageant, and its ills provoke a luxurious melancholy comparable only to that affected senility so often apparent on the face of a month-old babe. This, for instance, is Mr. Binyon's word with Youth:—

"O bright new-comer, filled with thoughts of joy;
Joy to be thine amid these pleasant plains,
Know'st thou not, child, what surely coming pains
Await thee, for that eager heart's annoy?
Misunderstanding, disappointment, tears,
Wronged love, spoiled hope, mistrust and ageing fears,
Eternal longing for one perfect friend."

And here is the conclusion of a fine sonnet, entitled *Testamentum Amoris*:—

"You are the lovely regent of my mind,
The constant sky to my unresting sea;
Yet, since 'tis you that rule me, I but find
A finer freedom in such tyranny.
Were the world's anxious kingdoms governed so,
Lost were their wrongs, and vanished half their woe!"

It may be urged that the first extract smells of Keats, and the second of Shakespeare. We only sigh that we could not write like this when at college. Perhaps the most astonishing thing in this volume is that Mr. Manmohan Ghose, an Indian, contributes such a beautiful English lyric as that headed "A Lament," and can frame such an English stanza as the following:—

"Deep-shaded will I lie, and deeper yet
In night, where not a leaf its neighbour knows;
Forget the shining of the stars, forget
The vernal visitation of the rose;
And far from all delights, prepare my heart's repose."

Keats again; but where is there a finer model? We have left no space to quote Mr. Cripps and Mr. Phillips (whose trifle, "A Dream," is extremely happy), but there is no bad work in all the short forty-one pages of this volume. Above all we thank the four authors for their youthfulness; for, as Mr. Binyon sings—

"If Winter come to Winter,
When shall men hope for Spring?"

Mr. Richard Garnett is a scholar, and the volume of his that lies before us contains just the work that, in more spacious times, scholars such as Peacock were happy to give to the world. His dramatic poem "Iphigenia in Delphi" does not travel outside the strict lines laid down by the Greek tragedians, unless we are to count the absence of a Chorus as such a transgression. For ourselves, we have usually found what little colour (as opposed to form) Greek tragedies possess, in the Chorus or the Messengers' speeches; and can only regret what we suppose was Mr. Garnett's self-restraint, by which (out-Hellenising Hellas) he has denied himself this opportunity. Even the Chorus that interrupted the dramatic interest with lyrical outbursts *à propos* of the weather, the nightingales, abstract justice, or the siege of Troy, has always seemed to us less affected, as it was certainly less stilted, than the stichomythia which Mr. Garnett so carefully retains. But on matters like these the wise, with Mr. Jingle, will not presume to dictate; and a taste for stichomythia, as for still champagne, is what all good men desire in time to attain to. It remains to be said that in a theme where to be original is to sin, the writer has kept his verse fresh and melodious. We prefer, however, his translations from the Iliad, Theocritus, Meleager, Bion, and Moschus. *The Cyclops* is rendered with much spirit; and the new rendering of Moschus' oft-rendered lines may be quoted as a fair specimen of Mr. Garnett's art:—

"When gentle winds but ruffle the calm sea
My breast courageous grows, and earth to me
Dear as enticing Ocean cannot be:
But when the great main roars, and white with foam
Huge waves tower up from it, and bellowing come
To burst on land, I wistful seek a home
In groves retired, where, when the storm descends,
It brings but music to the pine it bends."

This is at once graceful, easy, and accurate.

Now that Messrs. Andrew Lang and Rider Haggard have laid strong chains on Homer, as the young men treated Silenus in the Idyll, and forced a sequel to the Odyssey in the pages of the *New Review*, it is hard to feel safe unless we gird up our loins and start a Society for the Preservation of Ancient Heroes. It is with a pang that we see the Crafty One and Helen, the deathless, trotted out again; and the worst is that the step being once taken, such desecration may be continued to infinity. No doubt we should be having "HELEN'S BABIES" soon if the title had not been forestalled.

Mr. Landred Lewis, if you please, summons Homer himself from the vasty deep, and makes him strike the lyre to this effect:—

"It is the swarm of war!
Abroad, like cattle on the hills, this night
I see thy foes, *te-tum, te-tum*, the tramp [et]
Hath sounded through the nether spheres to bruit
My challenge took (*sic*), in hell's deep voice, for war.
The fiends are loosed! Their racking chains are broke!
Fling wide the infernal doors! Like hounds afield
They burst and hustled roaring forth, *te-tum*
Charged with a dire command! *te-tum, te-tum*.
And as Zeus liveth, their shrill music thee
Would whistle up from very death itself
On this distracted night! Where wilt thou hide [thee].
Then? *O tum-tum, O tum-te-tum-te-tum!*"

The feet in italics we have ourselves supplied; those in brackets we have amputated, to save the metre. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Lewis that a chieftain in Homeric times was addressed as "Sir Knight," and occasionally as "Your Grace."

SOME MONTHLY REVIEWS.

IN the *Contemporary Review* Cardinal Manning and Mr. Caine protest against "Compensation for Licences." Both quote the important opinion of Mr. Justice Field in the Court of Queen's Bench, November, 1882: "The Legislature recognises no vested right at all in any holder of a licence." Professor Thorold Rogers, in the article on "Vested Interests" which follows, considers that the doctrine of vested interests is now being dangerously extended," and in the case of compensation for licences he considers that it has been carried to a point which it has never reached before. The brewer and the publican should read the last paragraph of this article, in which it is shown that such a concession must result in no new licences being granted, lest a new vested interest against the ratepayers be established; and, secondly, in a much higher rating of public-houses. Lord Coleridge gives us a pleasant and chatty paper which he wrote and delivered to the law students at Birmingham early in last year. Among other interesting articles we must notice Mr. Barrie's "Brought back from Elysium," which is particularly bright and amusing, and Mr. Donald's clear and instructive account of American Trusts. The Rev. H. R. Haweis commences his defence of the Broad Church position with two facts of which he says: "They stare one another in the face and they dovetail," which is, probably, the most exasperating expression that has been printed recently.

Perhaps the item of most general interest in the *Fortnightly Review* is Mr. Paul du Chaillu's wonderful description of "The Great Equatorial Forest of Africa." Mr. Coventry Patmore has a peevish reply to the *Guardian* and *Spectator*, who have been calling him names. An interesting article "On Early Licensing Laws and Customs" brings fresh evidence against Compensation. Mr. Gossip gives an elaborate comparison of Victoria and New South Wales, to prove that the protective colony is ahead in every respect except certain natural resources. This article may well be read in conjunction with that on "Land and Finance in Victoria" which appeared in our columns last week. Dr. Luys is not altogether free from the vice of repetition in "The Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism." Dr. Luys uses a revolving mirror in order to produce hypnotic sleep, and by this means eight or ten patients can be hypnotized at once. His account of the effects of different colours and of the presence of certain metals on hypnotic patients is interesting. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree and Mr. Oswald Crawford differ in their views of "The London Stage," but have not yet agreed what are the precise points they are quarrelling about.

The *Nineteenth Century* is as varied as usual in its contents, and provides some excellent matter for its readers. Miss Potter's paper deals trenchantly with the Lords' Report on the Sweating System. Mr. Henniker Heaton advocates the Imperial Penny Postage, and Mr. Frederic Harrison vindicates the London County Council from the attacks of its enemies. In doing so he draws an amusing picture of the editors of the Ministerial journals in London addressing their young writers as follows:—"Let us have a stinger about the Council to-day; its constitution is the most awkward mess our party has got into since Pigott's affair. The reports to hand are rather scanty, but we all know what they probably said and did. John Burns spoke, so we may take it the Council is full of Socialists; Mr. Harry Marks picked holes in the accounts, so there is no doubt a job on hand somewhere; Sir Thomas Farrer objects to the Licensing duties imposed on the Council by the new Bill, so rate him

soundly for meddling with Imperial politics. Don't trouble with the Chairman, for he is popular everywhere; besides, he might give you a nasty one back. But you can make game of most of the rest, unless they are on our side or represent the City; and you can always talk about Bumble, the increase of rates, closing the music halls, and the scandalous pavement in Pall Mall." We do not know whether the sketch is absolutely accurate, but it certainly might be somewhere near the truth, to judge by the manner in which most of the London papers deal with the governing body of the metropolis. The Review contains, besides, a gossiping article, by Dr. Jessopp, about village almshouses, and a very interesting paper from the pen of Lieutenant Cameron, giving a most unqualified contradiction to the story of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir as described in a former number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Sergeant Palmer.

RALEIGH'S "LAW OF PROPERTY."

AN OUTLINE OF THE LAW OF PROPERTY. By T. Raleigh. London: Frowde. 1890.

MR. RALEIGH tells us that his object in this work is "to give, in language as simple as may be, an outline of the law of property as it now stands, introducing only so much history as is absolutely necessary for the explanation of existing rules. My work is not meant to take the place of any existing text-book, but rather to supply those initial explanations for want of which even the elementary books may prove unintelligible to a beginner."

Mr. Raleigh proceeds to deal with the law of property as a whole, and in his first chapter discusses "Possession," "Seisin," "Subjects of Proprietary Rights," "Corporal and Incorporeal Property," "Real and Personal Property," and "Property and Income." It is not very easy to see on what principle this classification is based; but, without pressing this criticism further, we can hardly think that Mr. Raleigh's explanation of the complex, and to the beginner unfamiliar, conceptions involved in some of the above terms is adequate for the purpose which he proposes to himself. We are told, for instance, that "seisin" denotes "the status of a person holding land by a per tenure." But what is meant by a "per tenure" is not explained till nearly the end of the book; nor is it very accurate or intelligible to speak of "seisin" as the "status of a person." A few lines further on we are told that the freeholder "owes suit and service to his lord," but there is as yet no explanation of the meaning of these terms, or of the relation between the freeholder and his lord.

The defect, of which an instance has just been given, of the employment in "initial explanations" of terms and conceptions which themselves require explaining, is, we think, almost an inevitable consequence of the difficulty, or even the impossibility, of the task which Mr. Raleigh has set himself. The English law of property cannot be treated of as a whole without taking as the first and fundamental distinction, that which still in fact exists, the distinction between the law of real and that of personal property. Mr. Raleigh does not of course ignore this distinction, but relegates it to a wholly subordinate place, as one of several minor classifications of the law of property. But, at any rate for the purpose of beginners, this mode of treatment of the two great branches of the English law of property is impossible. In the law of personal property, the law, for instance, which deals with the modes of acquiring property in movable things by sale, gift, bequest, inheritance, occupation, or with the rights of the mortgagee of personal property, pledgee, or holder of a lien, it is possible and right to dispense in a great measure with historical explanations, and to discuss and arrange the law as it stands without inquiring how it came to what it is. With the law of real property it is otherwise. The beginner cannot comprehend the operation of the most ordinary conveyance or will; he cannot attach any meaning to the terms which it is necessary to employ, such as "tenure," "estate," "freehold," "copyhold," "uses," "remainders," "tenancy in tail," without an explanation which must, to be intelligible, deal with ideas which belong to a former age and a state of things which has passed away. Historical treatment is a necessity in the one case; it comes in only incidentally in the other.

The principle defect in Mr. Raleigh's book appears to us to be the want of a sufficient arrangement of his subject, either in its leading divisions or in the subordinate classes under which the different branches of the law should be treated. For the law of

real property a sufficient arrangement has been effected once for all by Sir Matthew Hale and Blackstone. For personal property the task yet remains to be done. This is, at the present day, the branch of the law of by far the greatest practical importance, and we think that in a book dealing with the law of property as a whole it has hardly received adequate treatment at Mr. Raleigh's hands.

In matters of detail the desire to be brief has sometimes led Mr. Raleigh to make statements which are so incomplete as to be virtually inaccurate. For instance, in his chapter on "the transfer of property," he tells us that "a completed contract for the sale of goods operates as a transfer of the property in the goods to the purchaser." To make this statement accurate it should be added that the goods must be specific or defined, and that there must be an intention on the part of both contracting parties that the property should pass at once. Similarly on page 57 further explanation is needed to show in what manner "marriage" operates as a valuable consideration; and on the same page we are told that a will must be proved "by disinterested witnesses." The beginner would hardly infer, what Mr. Raleigh doubtless means, that interest in a witness does not invalidate the will, but only the benefit to the witness. In the account of tenancy by courtesy on page 23, the important condition of the death of the wife is omitted; and on page 12 the word "title," instead of being explained as is usual as the *mode* of acquiring property, is stated to be "the evidence by which a person proves himself to be the owner of a thing," and, strangely enough, it is added, "my title to the books now on my table consists in possession." Possession may be very good *prima facie* evidence of title, but the title itself is the purchase, gift, or bequest, by virtue of which the books became my property.

Though we cannot but fear that the defects which have been pointed out will stand in the way of Mr. Raleigh's work entirely fulfilling the purpose for which it is designed, we gladly recognise that his work, especially in the latter chapters, contains clear and accurate statements of many of the most important portions of the English law of property, and some well-condensed and apt illustrations from reported cases.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. SAINT MONICA: A WIFE'S LOVE STORY. By Mrs. Bennett-Edwards. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.
2. DINNA FORGET. By John Strange Winter. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.
3. LOVE'S LOYALTY. By Cecil Clarke. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.
4. A MAN OF MARK. By Anthony Hope. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

THE second title of "Saint Monica" is more appropriate than the first. Veronica, not Monica, is the real heroine of the book. The book does not commence cheerfully. George Westbury is in love with Mrs. Veronica Connyston; Mrs. Veronica Connyston is in love with her own husband; and her own husband is in love with Saint Monica. All three passions are either wicked or vain. But the main idea of the story is bold and striking. Veronica discovers that her husband can never be happy with Saint Veronica. She deliberately sacrifices her own reputation and George Westbury's in order that the law may hold them to be guilty—although both are, in point of fact, perfectly innocent—and set her husband free to marry St. Monica.

There is a certain unconventional nobility about the line of action which Mrs. Connyston adopted, in so far as she alone was affected. But she is only another instance of the selfishness of self-denial. To fix one's attention on one's self, even in the delightful luxury of self-abnegation, is often to shut one's eyes to the happiness of other people. It would have been difficult for anyone to write such a book without being occasionally morbid and unwholesome, and "Saint Monica" is not altogether free from blame in this respect; but it is written with some tact and skill, and the interest never absolutely breaks down. But, though the book contains passages of real pathos and tenderness, the author is not strong enough for an adequate treatment of her main idea. We believe that they do such things better in France.

Such a title as "Dinna Forget" seems to promise us one of those pretty, idyllic Scotch stories, where the plot will be as simple as the heroine, and the dialect as hopeless as the villain. So of course the book is nothing of the kind. It is by "John Strange Winter," and is simply a wearisome worry of her favourite characters. In the first few chapters a young officer is addressed by a wrong name by his hostess at a tennis-party. He does not correct her, and possibly did not think it worth while. But when he allows the girl with whom he is in love to make the same mistake, and to keep on making the same mistake for two or three months, although he has not the slightest motive for concealing his real name from her, we feel that for an upright officer he is really sacrificing too much to the plot of an exasperatingly stupid book, and we require some better explanation than "John Strange Winter" is prepared to give us. The young officer marries the girl secretly, through fear of his father, Lord Aylmer. Lord Aylmer is the old wicked peer. He has gout, of course; and, equally of course, he says "Damme, sir, damme!" at intervals. He falls in love with his son's wife, and does his best to part the two, and to keep them apart. In fact, a duke could not be much more immoral than Lord Aylmer was. Yet he dies at very short notice indeed, as soon as he sees that the story really requires it. The readers of "Dinna Forget" will have a liberal allowance of coincidences for their shilling; but it is a poor book, and never rises above the merest mediocrity.

Nothing can be full of sadder suggestions than a moderately good book, if it is not an early work. "Love's Loyalty" is just a moderately good book. The tone of it is healthy; the morals it enforces are eminently satisfactory; and its villains are reclaimed, which may not be absolutely new, but is at least not the most usual method with the villain. There is some interest in the book, and some humour, and some appreciation of character. But side by side with the good points are the old faults—a free use of hackneyed expressions, an inability to hide the author's striving whether after smartness or pathos, a want of the strength and spirit which take the reader along, and make even the reviewer forget that he is reading to review. Every week some novel just as good as "Love's Loyalty" earns a scanty meed of praise, finds a limited number of readers, and is soon forgotten. In reading such a novel as Mr. Hall Caine's "Bondman," one forgot that the author was trying for any particular effect, and was hardly conscious, until the book was finished, that the effect was deeply felt, and that the author had done very much what he wanted with his reader. In "Love's Loyalty" the least critical reader will not only see the effort, but will feel that the effect in some cases is not produced.

Continental life, financial speculations, religious speculations, the professions of authorship and music, all form part of the story. It has three heroines, and the best of them is certainly Shirley. There is a kind of book goodness about her sister, which is liable to set up irritation in a reader of average infirmities. Among the men, none are particularly good, but the villain—Mr. Henry Wodehouse—is the best; and the prospectus issued by the directorate of the "Pilot" Newspaper Company, Limited, is certainly amusing reading.

"A Man of Mark" is a brilliant little story of a revolution in the imaginary State of Aureatland, and of the fate, the foibles, and the affections of those who brought it about. Of this occurrence Mr. Hope has written an ingenious history, sustained in plot and interest, full of racy and abundant humour, and with flashes of bright wit. There is a President, whose consummate impudence becomes him, and who is, on the whole, the hero of the book. There are also a ruffianly colonel—the leader of the Opposition—not too ruffianly to be amusing; a young bank-manager, whose love conflicts with duty; and a delightful, but Bohemian, "Signorina," round whom the fortunes of the State revolve. None of the chief characters possess a shred of principle, but one is led to feel that their versatile sterility of virtue constitutes their charm. The story is related by Jack Martin, the bank-manager, with a frankness which goes far to condone in him the absence of a moral sense. Mr. Hope sometimes leaves us in doubt as to his actors' motives, and, though that does not detract from the amusement, we think his cynicism is excessive. We do not believe in the reality of the lovers' affection, and we suspect that, when at the critical moment the Signorina fell, in flying with Jack Martin, she sprained her foot on purpose. Nevertheless, it is a capital story, and in days when many story-tellers are original only in their style, it is refreshing to find one who can not only invent a tale, but tell it in direct and faultless English. When Mr. Hope writes next, we trust he will give us at least one leading character in whom there is a glow of virtue; but either with or without the virtue, we hope he will certainly write again.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE chief aim of the series of little volumes entitled "Scottish History by Contemporary Writers" is to bring the general reader into touch with the best original authorities on the political, religious, social, and intellectual movements of a given and well-defined period of the national history. The series is modelled somewhat on the lines of that which Messrs. Hachette have successfully brought out in France, under the editorship of such scholars as Zellar, Darsy, and Luchaire. The new volume is concerned with "The Days of James IV., 1488-1513," and is made up of extracts from the chronicles, State papers, memoirs, and letters of the time. Perhaps, however, the most valuable source of information in regard to the events of that epoch is to be found in the royal letters—a mass of correspondence between James IV. and almost every Court in Europe. These letters were for the most part written by Patrick Panter, tutor of the king's son. Many of these letters were published by Thomas Ruddimann in 1722, and others of them were included by Mr. Gairdner in his "Letters and Papers of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII."—a book which appeared in 1863; a considerable part, however, of this voluminous correspondence still remains unprinted, and the compiler of this little volume says with truth that a "complete edition is much to be desired in the interests of Scottish historical research." The reign of James IV. was a period in which Scottish literature, chivalry, and art flourished, and even distant scholars, like Ariosto and Erasmus, knew enough of the glory of his Court to extol it. The social history of the reign is full of peculiar interest, and this characteristic is clearly brought out by the extracts from Polydore Vergil, Hector Boece, Alexander Myln, and other contemporary authors. It is odd to find Pedro de Ayala, the Spanish ambassador at the Court of James IV., declaring that the Scotch "spend all they have to keep up appearances." All we can say is that if that were so then—though Scotland stands where it did—the people have changed greatly since his day.

It was, we believe, in 1808 that Charles Lamb first published a simple rendering of the old classical story of the "Adventures of Ulysses," a new reprint of which has just appeared, with an introduction and a few notes by Mr. Andrew Lang. The version of the "Odyssey" to which Lamb was mainly indebted for the picture of a "brave man struggling with adversity" is that of Chapman, a translator who wrote with force, but frequently, it must also be added, with carelessness. Mr. Lang's introduction is intended for child-readers, and he contrives to make his meaning perfectly clear even to young boys and girls, as the following passage will show:—"Homer made more poems than one. The first is called the 'Iliad,' because it is about the Siege of Ilios or Troy, as we generally call it. Ulysses fought in that war, and when the 'Iliad' was finished people asked, 'What became of the brave Ulysses afterwards?' So Homer made a new poem to tell them all about that, and this is the poem which gives the story you are going to read. They called it the 'Odyssey,' or poem about Odysseus, for Odysseus was the old way of saying Ulysses." Mr. Lang duly places on record what he terms a humble protest against the introduction by Lamb into the story of the Olympian games, but with this and other anachronisms he does not venture to intermeddle. The book contains a map of the wanderings of Ulysses, reproduced from Dr. William Smith's Classical Atlas; there is also an index of proper names.

Four or five biographical estimates of "Léon Gambetta" have already appeared in France, though only seven and a half years have elapsed since the great orator and patriot passed away. So far as we are aware, however, Mr. Marzials' monograph in the Statesmen Series is the first attempt which has been made in England to write a book about the stormy career of a man who by sheer force of character was, for a time, to all intents and purposes, Dictator of France. Mr. Marzials endeavours to remove Gambetta "out of the strife of politics" and to look at him historically. We doubt, however, if it is yet possible to form a dispassionate judgment upon a career which has helped almost more than that of any other man to shape the recent progress of events in France; doubtless, much material which is still hidden must first come to light before anything in the nature of a full and authoritative verdict on Gambetta can be pronounced. Meanwhile, Mr. Marzials has done the best with the facts at his disposal, and if his little book cannot be termed either brilliant or acute, it is, at least, painstaking, sensible, and just. We are glad to find that, in the main, he has not encumbered his pages with what our neighbours across the Channel term "reportage"—the gossip and scandal which are apt to cling to a great man's memory. It is claimed for Gambetta in this book that he was right in thinking that the Empire must be swept away, and that a Republic was the best form of government for France. The course which he took during the war is justly regarded as his supreme claim to honour, and a tribute is paid to the effort which

Gambetta made to "restrain the wild ardour of his party," as well as to open their eyes to the necessity of compromise and moderation. One of his greatest mistakes, and Mr. Marzials duly points it out, was the manner in which he outraged the religious sentiment of France, and alienated whole classes of the people, by his fierce and repeated attacks on clericalism. He made many tactical mistakes in the parliamentary struggles which engrossed the energies and called forth the eloquence of the last eleven years of his life; but Mr. Marzials may well ask, "Who in such troublous waters as the politics of France from 1871 to 1882 could have guided his barque without shipping a sea here and there?" Gambetta was powerless to arrest the tide of German invasion, and neither his efforts nor his eloquence sufficed to shield Alsace and Lorraine from the hand of the spoiler. But he bequeathed to France the "memory of heroic resistance to overwhelming odds and of undaunted fortitude in disaster." With all his faults both as a man and as a statesman, Gambetta's disinterestedness and patriotism are scarcely open to serious challenge. Because he forced the world to respect France even in the hour of her most bitter shame and defeat, therefore Mr. Marzials thinks that so long as she "remains a nation there will linger about the memory of Léon Gambetta the light of honour and grateful pride."

The "Waterloo Edition" of "Vanity Fair" just published in cloth at a florin by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. is a great improvement in every respect on their shilling copy, in paper covers, of Thackeray's famous novel. The paper is good, the type is clear and handsome, and the binding is in quiet good taste; moreover the volume contains the droll and clever illustrations which have been familiar to the reading public for a generation.

"Bloomsbury and St. Giles's, Past and Present," is the title which Mr. Clinch, of the British Museum, gives to a handsome quarto volume descriptive of one of the most interesting quarters of the town. The book is the result of considerable research, and is likely long to remain a standard history of two parishes of the metropolis which abound in historical and literary associations. St. Giles's-in-the-Fields in the time of Henry III. was a straggling country village, and even as late as the reign of Elizabeth the forest of Marylebone stretched from the village westward towards Tyburn. The hospital for lepers, from which the place took its name, was suppressed during 1539, but the population of St. Giles's grew rapidly. Early in the reign of James I. the builder began to invade the meadows and lanes of the district. In 1606 Great Queen Street was begun, and some houses were built on the east side of Drury Lane. At that time Bloomsbury consisted for the most part of open fields; and Southampton House, which stood very near to what is now Bloomsbury Square, was surrounded by picturesque meadows. With the Restoration this part of London grew rapidly, and in the reign of Anne almost the whole of the locality was more or less thickly covered with houses. Mr. Clinch has collected a great deal of quaint gossip concerning Seven Dials, and the eccentric characters who used to reside in that locality before it sunk to its present level of poverty and squalor. He has also a good deal that is interesting to tell us about Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, Montague House, and the early history of the British Museum. In many of the stately old houses of what was formerly the "West End" of the town famous men and women once lived, and Mr. Clinch recalls in the course of his narrative many half-forgotten anecdotes concerning the literary and social celebrities of the past. The book is written with care, and its value is enhanced by a number of excellent old engravings preserved at the British Museum. At the same time we cannot altogether congratulate the author on the manner in which he tells the story; the book lacks imagination, the style in which it is written is abrupt and occasionally awkward, and no attempt has been made to weave the information together into one connected narrative.

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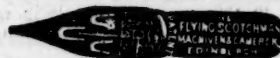
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE meeting of the Tory party convened at the Carlton Club on Thursday resulted in something like a positive disaster to Ministers. Their proposal to get through the business of the Session by adopting the expedient of carrying unfinished measures over to next year, and taking them up at the point at which they had been left at the prorogation, seems to have been disliked by all sections of their own party. Even an Autumn Session, that most hateful of legislative expedients, is preferred by the old Tories to a measure by which, in days to come, a Liberal Administration might profit. Nor was the proposal made more palatable by the fact that it was notoriously favoured by the Liberal Unionists. Ministers were left in a state of almost unexampled confusion and indecision by the open revolt of their followers. A man need not be a prophet in order to understand the true meaning of the handwriting on the wall. The Government is going to pieces even sooner than we had anticipated.

No greater blunder could have been committed by a Minister than that of which MR. MATTHEWS has been guilty in quarrelling with MR. MONRO, the Chief Commissioner of Police, whose resignation was announced to the House of Commons on Thursday evening. That the quarrel should have arisen over two such questions as the pay and superannuation of the police, and the disposal of patronage at Scotland Yard, makes matters worse. When a Home Secretary forces a Chief Commissioner to resign because the latter cannot agree to the appointment of the private secretary of the Minister to one of the highest posts in the police force, there is no need to waste words in pointing out who is right and who is wrong in the dispute. It is not in the interests of the Opposition that we desire to see MR. MATTHEWS removed from his present office. If we thought only of what is good for the cause of Liberalism, we should wish him to remain where he is until the General Election. But it is quite certain that, if he is not now asked to resign, it will simply be because LORD SALISBURY is so fully conscious of the rickety condition of his Cabinet that he dare not remove even a worthless member lest the whole fabric should tumble about his ears. It is significant that even such docile Ministerial prints as the *Standard* and the *Times* both hint at the wisdom of a change at the Home Office.

THE police outrages at Cashel and Tipperary two weeks ago were brought before the House of Commons on Monday night, and a debate which was in every way remarkable ensued. MR. DILLON told his own story of what had happened—a story which showed that the attack of the police upon the crowd had been altogether wanton and unprovoked. MR. DILLON'S story is confirmed not only by the reports in the Dublin Tory papers, but by the independent observation of an English eye-witness, MR. BYLES, of Bradford. MR. BALFOUR, however, denied point-blank every statement that was in conflict with the reports he had received from the police—the police being, in this case, the accused parties. Thereupon MR. GLADSTONE, in a forcible speech, asked the Government to grant an inquiry into the conflict of evidence.

No notice was taken of this most moderate and reasonable request! As the *Daily News* puts it, this was something like a deliberate insult offered to MR. GLADSTONE by the Ministry. It was something more, however. It was an admission on their part that the police story so greedily adopted by MR. BALFOUR could not be upheld. One cannot be surprised at the outspoken language of CAPTAIN BETHELL, who, breaking through the silence which had been imposed upon the Conservative benches, roundly denounced as "damnable" some of the incidents of MR. BALFOUR'S administration in Ireland which had been brought to light during the debate.

WEDNESDAY was a great day of speeches outside Parliament. At St. James's Hall a great gathering of Conservatives met, under the presidency of the DUKE OF PORTLAND, to listen to a speech from MR. BALFOUR; at the National Liberal Club many leading Liberals dined, under the presidency of SIR JAMES KITSON, and heard MR. MORLEY speak; whilst at the Langham Rooms the Liberal Unionists, brought together under the auspices of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, were addressed by LORD HARTINGTON. Such political activity as is indicated by the holding of these three meetings on the same day not only affords proof of the disturbed state of the public mind, but points conclusively to the fact that there is a widespread belief in the nearness of a General Election. There are many other signs of the times, all pointing in the same direction. The breakdown of the Ministry, it is highly probable, will be followed at no distant date by its break-up.

THE wedding of MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., to a French lady of literary gifts (Mlle. RAFFALOVITCH) comes within the horizon of the chronicler of public events, because the attendance at it of a number of English Liberal Members of Parliament, such as MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, MR. BRYCE, MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, and SIR HENRY ROSCOE, offered a striking illustration of the complete change which has within the last five years come over the social relations of English Liberals to the Irish Nationalist party. In 1882 such a thing would have been impossible. The Englishmen would not have thought of going; nor would they have been welcome if they had gone. That cordial and natural social relations should have come to prevail between English and Irish Liberals is one of the greatest gains of recent years, and one for which thanks are due to MR. BALFOUR, who has completed the work, as well as to MR. GLADSTONE who began it.

THE demonstration in Hyde Park last Saturday against the Publicans' Compensation Bill was in all respects save one a great success. There was fine weather; immense crowds gathered in the park and along the line of procession; and the speeches, which were good in tone, were received with enthusiasm. If only the police had behaved as they have done on previous occasions—as they did, for example, on the occasion of the Eight Hours demonstration—the gathering of last Saturday would have been the most imposing and important ever seen in Hyde Park. But the small official mind had been set against the demonstration; the petty official temper had been ruffled, and as a natural

consequence all through the police force there was a display of a distinct animus against the persons taking part in the proceedings. The consequence was that the vast procession was broken up and delayed by the action of the police to such a degree that nearly three hours were spent in getting it from the Embankment to the park. It followed that at some of the platforms the speakers had to wait till long after the time fixed for the opening of the meeting before the audience specially appointed for them could reach the ground.

STILL, despite this, the demonstration was a great and undeniable success, and it afforded the clearest proof possible of the dislike which has been inspired among the people of London by the proposals of the Government. The actual numbers in the park did not equal the gathering on the 4th of May, and there was a marked difference in the character of the assemblage. The "rough" element was conspicuous by its absence. Most of the men present must have had votes, and the demonstration was therefore still more ominous, so far as the Government are concerned, than if it had been drawn from the working class alone. Some trouble was caused by the ridiculous action of the police after the demonstration. Once again each individual officer seemed to think himself called upon to accentuate the hostility towards the demonstrators clearly expressed in MR. MONRO's letter, and the consequence was that here and there police and public came into collision. As for the alleged "attack" on SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, the kindest course will be to leave it alone.

WHEN will the English army evacuate Egypt? No Englishman likes to hear that question asked, and few are prepared with an answer. French impatience on the subject, which is forcibly exemplified in the speech of M. RIBOT in the Chamber on Tuesday, however natural it may be, is altogether unreasonable. Frenchmen, when they come with hectoring words to demand the immediate fixing of a date for the evacuation, forget the blood and the treasure which England has had, during the past eight years, to pour out in the valley of the Nile. Still it is well that the English public should bear at least two facts in mind. One is that we are pledged in honour to leave Egypt when our work there has been accomplished, that pledge not being intended in any Pickwickian sense, but as a direct and honourable engagement to be fulfilled at a definite time. The other fact is that until we have kept faith with France, and for that matter with Europe at large, we need not expect any aid from the French Government in the settlement of those international questions in which France as well as ourselves has a voice.

BELGIUM has this week been passing through a General Election. But as it literally does its General Elections by halves, and as this year it was the turn of the least interesting half, and as, moreover, the Parliamentary franchise is restricted to about a thirteenth of the adult male population, the proceedings have not the interest that would attach to them elsewhere. The result practically maintains the *status quo*. The Liberals had great hopes of a victory at Ghent, where seven of the outgoing eight members were Catholics. They have, however, lost their own single seat there; and though they have gained a seat at Verviers, their position is so little improved that it seems improbable they can recover their Parliamentary ascendancy at the next General Election in the other half of the constituencies two years hence.

LIBERALS in the American Congress are suffering just now from the tyranny of a majority, like the Liberals in the House of Commons. Like the Tories with their unpopular measures,

the Republicans have been rushing through a very objectionable tariff Bill, and trying to stifle discussion. This important measure was disposed of by the House of Representatives in ten days, and is now before the Senate. It is as unpopular in the country as the Public House Endowment Bill is here. Its object is to put superfluous duties on such articles of common use—already heavily taxed—as wool, earthenware, hosiery, glass and cutlery, and to bolster up monopolies. There was an extraordinary scene of uproar in the House when the Bill was finally passed—the place being described as a bear-garden and compared to a stock exchange on the day of a crisis. The whole thing was a disgrace to any legislative assembly. As for the Protectionist Bill, it will no doubt pass the Senate as easily as it did the House of Representatives, and will impose fresh burdens on the people.

SOME attention has been drawn even in this country to the fact that MR. JOHN WANAMAKER, a member of the United States Government, now holding the office of Postmaster-General, has announced his intention to publish a pirated edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which he proposes to sell at the price of six shillings a volume. WANAMAKER is not, of course, a greater thief than any other pirate publisher; but the fact that he actually holds one of the highest public offices in the United States makes his offence a very flagrant one. The *New York Evening Post* bluntly tells him that he is a thief, and, referring to our remarks in a previous number on the subject of dishonest Congressmen, says, "If when he goes over to London he has to take all his meals at an hotel, and is refused admission to all the clubs and all 'the great houses,' as SQUIRE SMALLEY would say, we shall not utter a word of protest. He ought not to be able in any civilised community to sit down comfortably at a dinner-table with honest men." This is strong; but it is made still stronger by the fact that WANAMAKER is the personal friend of the President, and sits down at table comfortably enough with that exalted person and his colleagues in the Cabinet.

ON Saturday last CARDINAL MANNING celebrated the "Silver Jubilee" of his Episcopal consecration. The tone which certain newspapers have been adopting towards the CARDINAL ever since his wise intervention in the Dockers' Strike, would seem to imply an opinion that the heart and brain of an ecclesiastic are just so far respectable as they refuse interest and sympathy to human life and affairs. CARDINAL MANNING has his own views on this matter, and exemplified it last Saturday for the hundredth time in his reply to the MARQUIS OF RIPON's address, making special allusion to the united front presented in Ireland by a Catholic people "against the enormous and colossal weight of the mightiest Empire of their day." The question, lately raised, whether CARDINAL MANNING is, or is not, by virtue of his office, the "first citizen" of London, has been happily settled in the affirmative—"happily," because in this case the best man adorns the highest office.

THE death, on Tuesday night, of the DEAN of MANCHESTER has robbed the High Church Party of a striking figure, and the Liberal cause of an able and vigorous champion. He it was, for instance, who helped to initiate the address, some short while back, in which the clergy testified their thanks to MR. GLADSTONE for his efforts in the great task of conciliating Ireland. Like CARDINAL MANNING, DEAN OAKLEY refused to dissociate religion from the world it works in; but was, perhaps, a public man for the precise reasons that made him a good priest. He did not fear to introduce religion into politics, which is a very different thing from introducing politics into religion. The influenza struck

him down in the midst of his energy, and after a long illness has slain one of the hardest workers in England.

THIS has been a week of triumph for the women. MISS FAWCETT'S brilliant success in the Mathematical Tripos, though it was anticipated by many, has been achieved with such ease and certainty that it fairly bewilders the old-fashioned people, accustomed, in spite of the evidence accumulated in their daily lives, to believe that the brain of a woman is necessarily inferior to that of a man. Clearly those who have stoutly maintained the theory of the equality of the sexes have no longer any need to resort to argument. They can point to facts. Whilst all can rejoice at the brilliant vindication of the right of women to rank with men in culture and intellectual work, there is special rejoicing in no limited circle at the fact that the Lady Senior Wrangler of 1890 should be the daughter of HENRY FAWCETT.

THE proposals of the London County Council for throwing a portion of the expense of the contemplated Strand improvement upon the owners and occupiers of the property benefited, have been rejected by the Committee of the House of Commons to which the Bill embodying them was referred. The Conservative press of the metropolis is jubilant at this result; but prematurely so, since the Committee have thus far carefully refrained from any declaration against the principle of the clauses commonly known as the "betterment" clauses. With this principle they will, no doubt, deal in their report to the House of Commons. They reject the clauses on the ground that, even assuming the principle to be right, the proposed application to the Strand improvement is wrong. The fact is that the Committee were overwhelmed with the expert evidence—that of surveyors and land agents—against the proposal, and the County Council could not get men of equal professional standing to speak in its favour. We shall presently hear what the Committee have to say on the general principle; but if "betterment" does not do, some other plan must be tried for throwing a real share in the cost of public improvements on the persons whom they enrich. If the public makes up its mind unmistakably on this point, surveyors will soon enough overcome their conservative bias and devise the ways and means.

ON Tuesday the London County Council decided to form a special Sub-Department for the London Parks and Open Spaces, with a landscape gardener at its head. Philanthropists may make a hundred well-meaning mistakes in bettering the wages of the Londoner, but they can hardly go astray in giving him fresh air. This has so far been recognised that during the last twenty years the area of parks and open spaces in London, under Municipal control, has increased from 178 to more than 3,000 acres. Nor is it yet time to stop. When the "Progressists" took fright the other day and opposed the spending of £900 a year, for three years, on the maintenance of the small open spaces given over by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, they found their own honourable past arrayed against them, and were beaten.

THE detective camera is becoming a useful ally of good government—not the less so, unhappily, that it has at present to be used, not by the police, but against them. The time may yet come when the prudent citizen will go to political demonstrations armed with a secret photographic apparatus specially arranged for taking the numbers of policemen who exceed their duty—a course that would have probably settled the fierce dispute as to the number of a certain policeman, which was taken by several witnesses after the riots in Trafalgar Square two years ago, and which the police witnesses, nevertheless, positively swore was not in use at all. MR. P. O'BRIEN'S capital little "Kodak" views of the

"shadowing" process as practised in Tipperary were handed round in the House of Commons on Monday, and temporarily converted COMMANDER BETHELL. They were reproduced in the *Star* and *Pall Mall Gazette* of Wednesday, and should be widely circulated. But the distribution and sale of actual copies would be an even more effective means of enlightening the public mind as to the practical details of MR. BALFOUR'S "resolute government" of Ireland.

IT is just twenty years since CHARLES DICKENS died, on a bright June evening, when the world seemed wrapped in peace, and no one even dreamt of the impending war which within a few weeks time was to change the face of Europe. We have travelled far since then, but the name of DICKENS is still one to conjure with; and if we may judge by the attention which not only the writings of DICKENS, but the writings about him, still attract, his place in the favour of the English people has not suffered by the passage of time. But the fact that we all continue to feel towards the name and memory of DICKENS very much as we did twenty years ago can furnish no excuse for the publication of such a letter as that which appeared in one of the evening papers on Thursday, professing to give an account of a visit paid by MRS. DICKENS to her husband's house after his death. The story was a painful one in itself. Probably it was quite untrue; but, whether true or false, it ought never to have been published—even for the purpose of gratifying the insatiable curiosity of the British public regarding those whom it delights to honour.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have retained their rate of discount at 3 per cent., but the value of Money in the outside market is steadily rising. The reserve of the Bank of England is unduly low, and for some time past nearly all the gold received has been exported. Besides, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market is small, and it is temporarily diminished just now. It is the practice of the joint-stock banks at the end of each half-year to lend less freely than they do at other times, for the sake of showing a larger balance in hand and at the Bank of England. The India Council, too, has been calling in money that it had lent, in preparation for payments it has now to make. In consequence the rate of discount in the Open Market has risen to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the rate of interest for a week to about 3 per cent., borrowers sometimes having had during the week to apply to the Bank of England, which charged $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

AT the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday, the rates charged by bankers were about 1 per cent. higher than a fortnight previously. Bankers began by asking from $2\frac{3}{4}$ to 3 per cent., but in the afternoon the rate rose fully to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and inside the House the carrying-over rates were also decidedly higher. From this it appears clear that the speculative account open for the rise has not been diminished as much as had been expected. In consequence speculators have been selling on a large scale throughout the week. There is a fear that the joint-stock banks may not lend as liberally as usual at the end of the month, and therefore that it may not be possible to get all the accommodation that may be required. The depression due to these sales has also caused a decline in prices on the Continental Bourses and in New York, and the effect of the higher money rates here has been aggravated by the resignation of the Argentine Finance Minister, which made an exceedingly bad impression all over Europe as well as at home. Meantime general trade continues good, as is proved by the Board of Trade returns, the railway traffic returns, and the Clearing House returns. But there is no improvement in the steel and iron industries, and freights are unprofitably low.

THE BREAK-DOWN OF THE MINISTRY.

THE present week has undoubtedly seen a crisis in the history of the Government, which indicates neither more nor less than the break-down of the whole fabric of the Ministry—a break-down which, we may fairly say, is without a parallel in our recent history. The truth which we set before our readers some weeks ago has at last forced itself upon Ministers themselves. They see that they have entered into engagements which they cannot possibly fulfil under ordinary conditions, and they are now seeking to avert a disastrous failure by a resort to extraordinary means. To make matters worse, their own supporters are in open revolt, and have practically declined to lend them the aid for which they ask. No one has any right to blame Lord Salisbury and his colleagues because they are anxious to avert the shipwreck of their policy. Whatever we may think of the measures which, with an almost incredible disregard of practical politics, they have brought into the House of Commons, we cannot find fault with them for being anxious, by hook or by crook, to carry them through Parliament. But the Opposition also has its natural rights, and among these none is more unquestionable than that of preventing any abuse of the Constitution for the mere purpose of saving the credit of an incompetent Administration. At the beginning of the week popular rumour declared that Ministers were bent upon taking a course which would have been nothing less than revolutionary, in order to force their schemes upon Parliament. We know now that the extraordinary tale which represented the Government as being anxious to secure the triumph of their programme by the simple process of fixing a date on which each Bill must be reported to the House was unfounded. But the mere fact that such a story should have found currency in journals favourable to the Government, affords some measure of the extent to which, under the guidance of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, the country has been drawn into the path of revolution. If Mr. Smith had made the motion which he was said to contemplate, he would have attempted a *coup d'état* of almost unparalleled wickedness, and it would have been the duty of the Opposition to resist it so long as a single man was allowed by the Speaker to remain on the Opposition benches to uphold the rights of Parliament and of the English people. That the scheme found favour in some quarters among the Conservatives may be regarded as proved by the result of the abortive meeting at the Carlton Club. It is evident that there was an undercurrent of feeling among the members present at that meeting in favour of what are popularly known as "strong measures," and it is not improbable that if Lord Salisbury had announced his intention of attempting a *coup d'état*, he would have met with a considerable amount of support.

Nothing so wicked, nothing so revolutionary, as this posthumous scheme is to be attempted: but it is a solemn and pregnant fact that it should have been even hinted at, still more that it should have been seriously discussed in the press. "But what about obstruction," say the adherents of the Ministry; "is not any measure lawful if it is employed to put down that most detestable of Parliamentary offences?" To this we reply that there is obstruction and obstruction. In most cases we admit that persistent obstruction is a heinous wrong, and that very strong—though not certainly revolutionary—measures may properly be adopted in dealing with it. Where a newly-elected House of Commons comes fresh to its work, with a direct mandate from the nation, the attempt of a minority to prevent the majority from carrying out that mandate is an offence with which the majority is bound to deal with a strong hand. If, for example, the minority in the present Parliament had sought by means of obstruction to make the government of Ireland impossible, then, much as we object to the lines on which Ministers are governing that country, we should have recognised their right to make the minority

yield. But there are cases in which the minority is bound to use every constitutional weapon to thwart the action of the majority. Such cases arise when the House of Commons, long after its election, seeks not to carry out the mandate it received from the nation, but to carry measures which the country has never sanctioned, and which there is every reason to believe that it utterly condemns. Can it be pretended that the country, for example, has approved of the principle of Mr. Balfour's Land Bill? Is it not certain, on the contrary, that the present scratch majority in Parliament was mainly got together by the prejudice excited in the breasts of the electors in 1886 by the proposals of a much less dangerous character which were then laid before them by Mr. Gladstone? Take again the case of the Bill for endowing the publicans, or rather the brewers. Who will pretend that the electors have given any direct authority to Parliament to legalise a new principle which must gravely affect the interest of the community as a whole, and which cannot but retard most injuriously any reform of the liquor traffic? No obstruction has yet taken place with regard to either of these measures; but we maintain the right of the Opposition to oppose both of them to the uttermost. After all, however, the deadlock in which an incapable Government now finds its affairs, is due, not to obstruction, but to the sheer incapacity of Ministers themselves. It is amazing that they should have allowed themselves to drift into their present position. It is nothing less than monstrous that, having done so, they should turn round upon their opponents, and, whilst seeking to make them responsible for a situation which they have done nothing to create, should at the same time try to extricate themselves from it by a resort to new-fangled and unconstitutional processes.

So much for the general merits of the question which everybody has been discussing this week. As for the mode by which Ministers are seeking to obtain relief, it has at least one conspicuous merit. It is a method which has already found favour with Liberal statesmen, and it is one which, if fairly applied, may prove of real value to the political life of this country. Perhaps it is for this very reason that such members of the Tory party as Mr. Lowther and Mr. Hanbury regard it with disfavour. "Authentic" reports of meetings like that held at the Carlton Club on Thursday are plentiful enough; but unfortunately in no case is their authenticity beyond suspicion. In the present instance it is clear, however, that the scheme proposed by Ministers is regarded with extreme disfavour by a considerable section of their supporters. Whether men like Mr. Lowther would prefer the rough and ready method which was suggested at the beginning of the week, we do not pretend to know. Probably there were some members of Parliament present at the Carlton on Thursday who were really disappointed at the fact that their leaders shrink from a revolutionary suppression of free debate. Others, however, frankly admit that the present situation is intolerable, but cast the responsibility for it where it clearly ought to be cast—upon Ministers themselves. In any case the break-down of the Government is complete, and the Opposition must be badly led indeed, if it is not able to turn the administrative collapse to good account. When Mr. Smith on Thursday night was compelled to announce, after all the flourish of trumpets which had been raised by the Tory press, after Mr. Balfour's speech on the previous evening at St. James's Hall, and after the meeting at the Carlton Club, that he had nothing to propose for expediting public business, and that some days must elapse before he could make any announcement on the subject, he virtually proclaimed the existence of a political and legislative dead-lock almost unexampled in its character. And it is not, let the reader bear in mind, obstruction, but sheer blundering on the part of Ministers themselves, which is responsible for the existence of that dead-lock.

MR. BALFOUR AGAIN.

NOT for many years has so instructive a night been spent in the House of Commons as last Monday proved itself to be. It was, of course, in the opinion of the wise gentlemen who discuss public affairs in the leading columns of the Ministerial papers a "wasted evening," for it dealt with nothing more serious than the manner in which Ireland is now being governed by Mr. Balfour and his agents; and, as we all know, when an Irish member ventures to call attention to this subject, he is guilty of "wilful obstruction," if of no more serious offence. Still, despite the solemn protests of the young gentlemen whose opinions are set forth in all the dignity of large type in our morning and evening newspapers, we venture to maintain that a careful perusal of last Monday's debate on the police outrages at Tipperary and Cashel will do more to enlighten even the most prejudiced supporter of the present Government as to the true state of things in Ireland than an unlimited course of reading of the Unionist journals.

Last Saturday we published a spirited history of the events of the preceding week from the pen of Mr. William O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien used strong language, and spoke out with his accustomed plainness regarding the incidents at Tipperary and Cashel. But stronger than any words of condemnation which he used were two statements he made on the subject of Mr. Balfour's present policy in Ireland. The first was an explicit declaration that the Irish Secretary has deserted his old and intelligible policy of attacking the leaders of the Irish people, and has adopted instead a policy of harassing and worrying their obscure followers whilst allowing the leaders to escape. Mr. O'Brien accompanied this declaration by a challenge to Mr. Balfour to put him upon his trial along with the forty-two persons who are being prosecuted because they met together to hear what Mr. O'Brien had to say. Mr. Balfour has seen fit to take no notice of this challenge, though, as he corrected—with his usual inaccuracy—one of the statements contained in the article in *THE SPEAKER*, it is evident that he was not ignorant of Mr. O'Brien's act of defiance. It follows that the statement which the latter gentleman made in the columns of *THE SPEAKER* last week must be taken as admitted by the Irish Secretary himself. Dublin Castle, despite the boasted triumph of Mr. Balfour, no longer feels equal to the task of coping with the Irish members. It reserves its energies for the struggle with unknown peasants and obscure priests.

The second point made by Mr. O'Brien in his article has hardly attracted the attention it deserved. It was his account of the way in which the Irish police are now "shadowing" those Irishmen, not being Members of Parliament, who have made themselves obnoxious to Mr. Balfour and the resident magistrates. "Father Humphreys," said Mr. O'Brien, "is dogged at every step through the streets of his own town by two insolent constables, one of whom walks shoulder to shoulder with him on the footpath, while the other follows at his heels." These men, we learned further on Monday night, not only dogged Father Humphreys in this odious manner, but insisted on hearing every conversation in which he took part whilst walking in the streets of the town of which he is one of the chief ministers.

These were the statements, made by Mr. O'Brien in our columns last week, which must have shocked every right-minded person who read them. Both were confirmed fully on Monday night in the House of Commons. Something else—unhappily not new, but even more important because there is no novelty in it—was also brought to light. Mr. Dillon, speaking in the most temperate manner, gave an account of the cowardly and brutal outrages which were committed by the police in Tipperary and Cashel. This account he based upon his own direct observation of what happened. He was there himself; he saw the thing with his own eyes,

and he told a plain unvarnished tale of what he had actually seen and heard to the House of Commons. Furthermore, upon all the most material points, he cited in support of his statements the reports published, not in the *Freeman's Journal*, but in the *Dublin Express* and the *Irish Times*—the two newspapers which are most hostile to the Home Rule movement. To say that he made out a strong case against the police is to put the matter in the mildest words. He showed that the police attacks upon the people were unprovoked, that they were cowardly and brutal, and that they were deliberately calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. How was his clear narrative met by Mr. Balfour? With a direct categorical denial of Mr. Dillon's statements. Such, at least, was Mr. Balfour's first characteristic attempt to get rid of the effect produced by his distinguished opponent. But when the Irish Secretary found that even on his own side of the House there was a disposition to resent this summary mode of giving the lie to a fellow-member, he began to retreat, and finally entrenched himself behind the declaration that the information he had about the events at Tipperary and Cashel differed not only from the statements made by Mr. Dillon on his own authority, but from every one of the reports in the newspapers, including his own favourite organs in the press. It was in these circumstances that Mr. Gladstone, in a speech the earnestness of which was remarkable, called upon the Government to grant a public inquiry for the purpose of eliciting the actual facts. No more reasonable demand was ever made. Here was a case of a serious disturbance of the peace, in which many people had been injured by the police, and in which more than forty were about to be prosecuted before the very men who commanded the police by whom these injuries were inflicted. A member of Parliament supported by several of his colleagues, and by the whole of the newspaper reporters present on the occasion, told a story the effect of which was to make it clear that the police were the aggressors. To this the Chief Secretary opposed a general denial, based upon anonymous but presumably police information. He is challenged by the leader of the Opposition to grant an inquiry into this grave discrepancy, or rather this direct conflict of evidence, and he meets the challenge—with a refusal? No; he lacks the courage to refuse. He takes refuge in a silence which can only be described as cowardly and insolent.

One Tory member did, indeed, speak after Mr. Gladstone had pressed the case of these poor people of Tipperary and Cashel upon the sympathy of the House. What had he to say on the subject? Did he back up the Chief Secretary in his policy of sneering scepticism? No; though an avowed and ardent admirer of Mr. Balfour, he admitted that the facts adduced during the night's debate had been too strong for his English stomach, and in plain language he denounced as "damnable" that system of "shadowing" on which the firm and resolute government of Ireland is now based. There is many another Tory member who shares Captain Bethell's sentiments, though, unfortunately, he lacks Captain Bethell's courage. Surely, however, we may appeal to the silence which prevailed on the Ministerial benches when Mr. Balfour made his lame and halting defence of the creatures chiefly concerned in the outrages of two weeks ago, to the failure of any independent man in the Tory Party to rise and defend the Chief Secretary, and, above all, to the sullen and cowardly refusal of the Government even to notice the challenge addressed to them by Mr. Gladstone, as being in their way still more eloquent and expressive than the outspoken language of Captain Bethell.

It has come to this, by the acknowledgment of Tories themselves, that the Chief Secretary no longer dares to pursue his original policy of boldly attacking the Irish leaders and representatives, but that he is driven to resort to paltry measures of police persecution directed against the rank and file of the Nationalist party; and that when grave charges are made against his agents in carrying out this policy, and

a public inquiry demanded, he dare not grant the request. Do we want any better evidence than this of the utter discrediting of Mr. Balfour and his policy in Ireland? And is there any Tory member who does not in his heart re-echo the strong language of Captain Bethell, and denounce as damnable that system of odious tyranny and espionage which is now being carried on in the Queen's name and under Mr. Balfour's authority throughout a great part of Ireland?

OBSTRUCTION IN THE LORDS.

TORIES talk a great deal of nonsense about Liberal obstruction in the House of Commons, forgetting, or imagining the public not to know that the majority can close any debate at any time, with the tacit sanction of the Chair. Conservative obstruction in the House of Lords is a much more serious matter, if only because there exist no rules for dealing with it. It is of course rampant, flagrant, and obtrusive when a Liberal Government happens to be in office. That is a fact which everybody recognises, and which the Liberal party will soon be compelled to face as it has never been faced yet. When the Tories are in Downing Street, less attention is paid to the Lords, and they are enabled to do a good deal of quiet mischief without attracting much notice. Not long ago they held a debate on the neglect with which they were treated by the nation, and attributed the general indifference of which they complained to the institution of Standing Committees. But it would be a mistake to forget the Lords altogether. The Government and the Dissident Liberals combine to deprive them of all occasion for opposing political reforms. Man, however, does not live by politics alone; and the most modest measure for the improvement of society has to run the gauntlet of the party club with a throne in it. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which has been read a second time this Session in the House of Commons, may be defeated by the bishops, who prefer the misinterpretation of scripture to the morality of the poor. Seldom, if ever, has the House of Lords done a more wanton piece of mischief than it did when it rejected the County Councillors (Qualification of Women) Bill last Monday. In the first place, the subject, being intimately connected with representative government, was essentially one for the House of Commons. The Lords, who represent nobody except themselves, and in many cases do less than justice to their constituents, might at least allow the "Lower House" to decide matters so far below their own lofty and privileged sphere. But to this Bill there is really no intelligent, and scarcely any intelligible opposition. Women's suffrage, and the right of women to sit in Parliament, raise controversial questions of great pith and moment, on which Liberals as well as Conservatives are divided. But when the Local Government Bill was passing through Parliament a couple of years ago, no one in either House suggested the disfranchisement of women. Probably most members would have said, if they had been asked that women would be eligible for seats as well as qualified for votes, the law, though it has now been authoritatively decided against female candidates, had to be extracted by inference, and is not clearly laid down. By Lord Brougham's Act it is discovered that in a statute, unless otherwise provided, the word "man" shall include "woman." The Municipal Corporations Act, which was embodied in the Local Government Act, says that for all purposes connected with voting elections, words importing the masculine gender shall include the feminine. The expression of voting is taken to imply the exclusion of sitting, and thus the general effect of Lord Brougham's Act is dispersed by a side wind.

When the law was thus pronounced, few people supposed that there would be any difficulty in altering it, except the usual delay arising from the congested state of public business.

Three ladies were elected to the London County Council, two as Councillors and one as Alderman. One of the Councillors, Lady Sandhurst, was unseated, on petition. The other, Miss Cobden, remains a member, because no legal proceedings have been taken to test the validity of her retention, and the time for taking them is past. The lady Alderman, Miss Cons, is in the same position as Miss Cobden, except that the law is silent as to questioning the eligibility of an Alderman. The ladies, who are thus involved in a conflict of laws, take no active part in the business of the Council, but a Tory Councillor, Sir Walter de Souza, has chivalrously and gallantly brought an action against them for the recovery of penalties. Such were the circumstances under which Lord Meath's Bill came before the Lords, and it will be generally admitted that they were such as to bespeak for the measure an indulgent consideration. Lord Meath, who is himself an Alderman, testified to the admirable work done by the Lady Councillors, and to the high value which the Council set upon their services. Lord Granville, who as Chancellor of London University, has conferred so many academical distinctions upon women of culture and ability, reminded his Peers of the enormous advance made in the opportunities of women during the present generation. Lord Ripon pertinently asked whether women, who sit upon School Boards and Boards of Guardians, would be excluded from District as well as from County Councils; and Lord Derby, whose common-sense never deserts him when Ireland is not concerned, wanted to know what business the House of Lords had to interfere with the freedom of electors. Only two Peers could be found to raise their voices against the Bill—Lord Jersey, who said nothing at some length, and Lord Cowper, who strangely argued that there was no difference between an administrative body like the County Council and a legislative body like the House of Commons. But 119 Peers voted in the negative, including the Prime Minister—who encourages women's suffrage for party purposes, and whose wife presides at meetings of the Primrose League—and Lord Selborne, an antiquated Tory, who was once a Gladstonian. The other 116 are men for whose opinion nobody cares two straws, but of whom it would be safe to say that they are for the most part active, if not very intelligent, co-operators with the Primrose Dames of their respective neighbourhoods. It would be difficult to imagine a more pungent satire on the boasted rights and wisdom of Englishmen than this debate and this division.

THE NEW CODE AND THE EDUCATION DEBATE.

THE chorus of approval which both within and without the House has welcomed the Vice-President's New Code shows that the views of the exponents of what may be truly called the New Education have received national recognition. Managers and inspectors, as well as both the teachers and the taught, have longed to be released from the thralldom of a cut-and-dried, inelastic system to which they have hitherto been bound hand and foot. Now for the first time they see their freedom approaching, and feel that they may soon begin to walk in the paths which they know suit them best. The code has been termed an inspectors' rather than a teachers' code, and in some senses this is so, for on the inspectorate is thrown a responsibility to which it has hitherto been a stranger. The efficiency or otherwise of the inspection will make or mar the code. Unless the inspectors do their duty boldly and fearlessly, the result will be retrogression instead of progress. The large sum—which will probably exceed Sir William Hart-Dyke's estimate of £100,000 per annum, and which will practically be paid over, not to the flourishing and capable, but to the struggling and unsatisfactory schools—may under inefficient control merely serve to bolster up a miserable state of things. And in view of the expressions of opinion which the Lord President and the junior member for the

University of Oxford let fall, this is in certain quarters by no means an unlooked-for—one might almost say an unhelped-for—contingency. It is for the friends of education, and for the masses who benefit therefrom, to see that such effete ideas are not permitted to assert themselves. Surely the best education is, in the long run, the cheapest. It is well for themselves that neither Lord Cranbrook nor Mr. Talbot have to seek the suffrages of a popular constituency, for to go to the poll on the cry that to learn the three R's is enough—God save the mark!—for the working man's child, or that £1 16s. is the highest sum which ought to be spent on his tuition, is a cry which would undoubtedly prove fatal. And is it not an example of our truly English perversity that views of this sort should be promulgated by the Cabinet Minister who is supposed to represent education in the Lords, and by a member for the University of Oxford, who ought before all men in the Commons to be the mouth-piece of every sort of intellectual progress, but who in fact represents interests of quite another stamp?

This payment to the smaller and weaker voluntary schools is the treacle by help of which the astute educational doctors of the Department, anxious as all the profession must be for their own good name to see their patients improve, have induced Tory obstructionists to swallow the health-giving brimstone. It is for us Liberals to see that the inspectors who make up the dose do so in the proper proportions. If this is done, the New Code will become a blessing; if not, it will certainly turn out to be a curse. To keep an active eye on the working of this is the first and most important duty which the New Code imposes upon us.

And now as to the teachers. To begin with, they are released from the bonds which have hitherto shackled them in the system of payment on the results of individual examination. This is a great and notable step in the right direction—the removal of an incubus which has pressed alike upon teacher and taught ever since its unfortunate introduction by Mr. Lowe. All State grants must, however, of necessity be judged of by results: the only question is, how is the efficiency of those results best ascertained? and that this shall be based on the general character of the teaching rather than on individual examination is a conclusion to which all will give their consent. According as this standard is attained, the grant will be either 12s. 6d. or 14s. per head of the scholars. Then, in the second place, more freedom of classification is now given than has hitherto been permitted; and the importance of giving elasticity in this direction can hardly be over-estimated. The teachers may naturally think that even more might have been done to give them the freedom which they not unreasonably desire. But it is clear that they cannot be made the sole arbiters of what a school should be; the final decision must rest with the Department; though as the character and status of the teacher is improved, more latitude will be given to him and a greater weight laid on his opinion. Much has been done in this code to raise his standard. It is almost a truism to say that on his efficiency that of the school depends. And yet this has hitherto not always been borne in mind. How to get the work done cheapest has been, and still is, the endeavour of many managers. Sir William Hart-Dyke shows his appreciation of this necessity, tightening the rules applicable to pupil-teachers, and getting rid of the inefficient ones, and enabling the others to qualify themselves for the higher posts. The step of inaugurating Day Training Colleges is one means by which this latter end is to be accomplished. One can only regret that so narrow a limit as 200 has been placed on the number of teachers to be admitted to these new colleges. This is, however, a mistake which time will soon remedy. The proposed incorporation of these day training colleges with established institutions of high repute will be fraught with great advantages to the teachers, who will thus be removed to a freer and a higher atmosphere than exists in the denominational colleges which hitherto have been their only training grounds. The widen-

ing of the curriculum is the chief boon held out to the children. "Encourage variety, freedom, and breadth," is the upshot of the instructions to inspectors so far as this part of the code is concerned, and no wiser inscription could be placed on their doors. It is to be hoped that the old force of habit will not prove too strong, but that those subjects will be encouraged which the children will find useful in their localities, and in that which is to be the work of their lives. For it is now admitted that to educate is not to cram, and that by giving a more practical turn to the instruction we shall do more to draw out the faculties, and to make the child grow up into a better man or woman than has been possible by the old plan of mere book-learning. The proposal to develop the hand and eye training of the Kindergarten in the infant school by universal drawing, modelling, and manual work in the higher divisions of the school is simply carrying out the recommendations of the various Royal Commissions which have recently reported on the several branches of our educational system. How far this will be made general is a point which must be carefully watched; and here again all depends on the pressure which inspectors may bring to bear. Many managers, both lay and clerical, will doubtless seek to evade this provision; and a warning ought to be given to all such, that unless they mend their ways, their grant will be diminished or withdrawn; for the heart of these men lies in their pocket.

That there is any finality in matters educational, only those whose view is limited by their blindness will at this time of day urge. The Vice-President does not claim perfection for his code; he is satisfied with the humbler word improvement, and this it well deserves.

The debate last week was of more than usual interest, though this interest was felt rather by the few than by the many. The questions of Mr. Monro's interference with the Anti-Compensation Demonstration, and the now stale yearly joke about adjournment for the Derby, drew a crowded house; but as soon as real business began, nine-tenths of our legislators made off. There was no prospect of a fight; the Church was not declared to be in danger, nor was the compromise of '70 threatened, so the work was quickly done, and only those who had something worth saying stayed to say it. On Friday the vote was obtained, and the Bill giving powers to elementary schools to teach what subjects they please in evening classes passed a second reading. Thus it may be admitted that we have at last placed our elementary education on the right lines. We have now to see that it does not again get off the track. Much, however, remains for Sir William and his successors to do. The school age of our children must be raised. We ought to cease to wear the badge of inferiority to all other countries, inasmuch as our leaving age is lowest. We may improve our curriculum as we will, pay for all sorts of extra subjects, improve our buildings, give facilities for continuation schools—do all we can in these respects—and yet, so long as the bulk of our children leave school, never to return, at eleven years of age, our attempts to educate our people up to the standard to which Germany, France, Switzerland—and let us remember Scotland too—educate theirs, will be mere vanity and vexation of spirit. The English Education Minister who is bold and able enough to grapple successfully with this difficulty will indeed deserve the thanks of his country.

MR. SMITH.

A SKETCH.

THE position of Mr. Smith in the House of Commons today is upon the whole the highest tribute to the peculiar genius of the English people that has ever been paid to it. We are the apostles of commonplace, and Mr. Smith himself is the incarnation of commonplace. When he speaks, he might

be the prosy *bourgeois* father of a modern English comedy, whose wish it is to illustrate at once the defects and the virtues of his order. Without a spark of eloquence, without ability of any striking kind, without great birth or great culture—though happily not without a substantial share of the world's goods—he is so typical a representative of middle-class English respectability that it would be impossible, wherever one might meet him, to mistake him for anything but what he is—a straightforward, simple-minded, and successful trader. Yet, to-day, Mr. Smith sits in the place which, within the memory of most of us, has been occupied by a Peel, a Russell, a Palmerston, and a Gladstone; the place of which his own party at one time considered Mr. Disraeli unworthy, and the attainment of which was the greatest triumph of that remarkable man's career. And not only does Mr. Smith lead the House of Commons, but he leads it with the general approval of both parties. Whatever we may say or think about the policy he represents, however bitterly we may protest against some of the means by which he seeks to stifle free debate in the interests of his own party, there is hardly anybody now sitting in the House of Commons who does not feel a genuine personal respect for Mr. Smith, and who is not prepared to say that upon the whole he is worthy of the position he now fills.

Here, however, we must indulge in a few parenthetical remarks. Mr. Smith is in one respect the spoiled child of fortune. From the very outset of his public career he has had behind him, to an unequalled extent, the power of the Press. No English statesman of this century started with so vast a command of journalistic influence as that which is wielded by Mr. Smith. When some two-and-twenty years ago he stood for Westminster and had for his opponent none other than John Stuart Mill, there was not a newspaper in London which dared to hint that between the philosopher and the very respectable and very commonplace tradesman no fair comparison could possibly be made. For newspaper editors, and still more newspaper proprietors, are timid souls, and none of them had any inclination to run the terrible risks in which a quarrel with Mr. Smith might have involved them. The greatest newspaper salesman of the day, probably the greatest newspaper salesman the world has ever seen, is not a man to be lightly quarrelled with by any one who has a newspaper which he wishes to sell. It consequently followed that from the very beginning of his public career the path of Mr. Smith was smoothed in a wonderful way. No one sneered—in print—when he came forward as a candidate in opposition to Mr. Mill; and ever since then, even when the Liberal party has been most bitter against the Tory Government, the head of the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son has been expressly or silently exempted from the censures pronounced upon his colleagues.

It has been an enormous advantage to Mr. Smith himself—that comfortable consciousness of an immunity from the criticism which has darkened the prospects and destroyed the careers of more than one of his friends and his rivals. It has given him a confidence he could hardly have attained otherwise, and it has secured for him in the ranks of his own party a degree of consideration such as he could hardly have hoped to win on his own personal merits. These facts must be borne in mind by any one who writes of Mr. Smith, and who wishes to understand the phenomenon which is presented by the appearance of such a man in that which is practically the most important position in the political party of which he is a member.

And yet it must in fairness be confessed that Mr. Smith's success in public life is to be attributed far more to his own qualities than to the adventitious aid he has received from the English press. If he has the defects of his quality, he has also its merits. He may be commonplace, and devoid of the gifts and graces which usually adorn the leaders of men; but he is universally believed to be honest and straightforward, above anything like trickery, and inspired by a very genuine

desire to deal fairly by his opponents. Nobody believes him to be capable of a denial like that which Lord Salisbury gave of the famous Schouvaloff Memorandum. Mr. Smith may not be the head of a great aristocratic family, but he is the head of a great commercial house, and he has that regard for the simple truth which still lingers in the Strand, though it may have fled from Downing Street.

There is another quality of his besides this regard for the truth which impresses the House of Commons favourably. This is his modesty. Everybody can see the absurdity of putting up Mr. Smith to encounter Mr. Gladstone in a great debate; but then nobody sees it more clearly than Mr. Smith himself does, and he never allows the House to imagine that in his own mind he measures himself against the leader of the Opposition, whose equal in the Parliamentary hierarchy he is supposed to be. In nothing has he shown his good sense more clearly than in this shrinking from any attempt at self-assertion founded upon the accident of his leadership of the House of Commons. A certain measure of tact is his; not tact of a very high quality perhaps. It reminds one, indeed, of the smug acuteness acquired by the tradesman who learns behind his counter to discern the moods of his customers and to ascertain their wants almost before they have been expressed in words. Very valuable is this commonplace, almost vulgar, kind of tact, and its possession differentiates Mr. Smith from Mr. Goschen. It does not, however, prevent Mr. Smith from making mistakes. He blunders sometimes—blunders rather badly; for he is not quick at fence or repartee, and occasionally flounders into very obvious quagmires. But even then he does not come to any serious grief. The Irish members cannot of course be expected to view lightly any proceedings connected with the Pigott "revelations," and they have not been disposed to allow Mr. Smith to escape the consequence of his little slip of the tongue when he talked to the House of Commons of his "old friend" Mr. Walter. But even the Irish members lapse into comparative mildness when they have to deal with Mr. Smith, and the mood of other persons towards him seems to be uniformly kindly and forbearing.

This is rather strange, for to Mr. Smith has fallen, since he succeeded Lord Randolph Churchill in the leadership of the House, a very unpleasant and odious duty. He has been the official whose recognised business it has been to put the gag on Parliament when the convenience of Ministers demanded such a step. "Lord Closure" was one of the titles suggested for him a little time ago when there was talk of his elevation to the peerage—a fate which inevitably awaits him. Now the closure, though originally a Liberal device, has been employed in the hands of Mr. Smith in a distinctly anti-Liberal fashion. It is not pleasant for any men who are interested in the maintenance of the freedom of debate, or who wish to see the great traditions of the British Parliament preserved intact, to look back over the record of the last two years, and see how often and how ruthlessly the House of Commons has been coerced into silence at the bidding of Mr. Smith. It is quite certain that if Mr. Gladstone had ever attempted to use the closure as it has been used by the present First Lord of the Treasury, he would have been assailed by the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Saturday Review*, and all the smaller fry of the Tory Press, with an unstinted bitterness. Mr. Smith has not only received the praises of these journals, but has really met with hardly any personal criticism from any body of men in the House. People may dislike the gag, but they appear to look almost kindly upon the person by whom it is applied. How is this?

The answer is not one which Mr. Smith will regard as wholly complimentary; but it is the necessary complement to those praises of his general character in which we have been indulging. With all its regard for Mr. Smith's good nature and modesty and love of fairness, with all its amused liking for his frequent appeals to his own sense of duty, to his patriotism, his love of God and Queen, which are the traditional

stock-in-trade of the successful and respectable Englishman of the middle class, the House has never been able to take Mr. Smith quite seriously as an intellectual force. It does not consequently look upon him as being altogether a responsible agent in those transactions which it dislikes so much. The gag, it is true, is in his hands; but when he applies it he does so as the tool of other men more astute than himself. So the House, even when it hates the stroke, laughs at the man who deals it; just as the schoolboy does when a favourite usher treats him to a box on the ears which he recognises as part of the discipline of the school, and as being in no sense the outcome of the particular individual's wrath.

After all, however, Mr. Smith, smiling, genial, modest, willing on all occasions when the discipline of the school—we beg pardon, we mean when the exigencies of the political situation—will permit to oblige his opponents, is not a wholly satisfactory figure. We admit his virtues—solid as his wealth and obvious as his good temper. But when we survey him as a whole, and when we see the place to which he has attained, when we remember that for the past three years he has been officially the leading personage in the English House of Commons, the spokesman of a Ministry which for the moment represents the nation, we are stricken with a sudden pang of doubt and terror. Is this indeed, our highest and our best? Does Mr. Smith, with his commonplace mind, his worthy, kindly soul, his unpretending simplicity, and his undoubted dulness, represent fairly and faithfully the House which he leads and the nation which stands behind that House? If it be so, then indeed— But we would rather not follow out that train of thought to its logical and inevitable conclusion.

"YET IN THE LONG YEARS LIKER MUST THEY GROW."

FOR a week past the little world of Cambridge and the larger world outside have vied with one another in doing honour to Miss Fawcett, and in commemorating with no grudging spirit her remarkable success. The proof which Mrs. Montagu Butler gave three years ago of a woman's ability to win pre-eminence in one line of intellectual achievement, Miss Fawcett has paralleled in the other, and there is now no longer room for disputing that both in classics and in mathematics women may claim the highest prizes which the Universities can give. We do not think it necessary to consider which of the two is the more signal victory, for we have never seen reason to suppose that, though women might conquer in Latin and Greek, the citadel of mathematics was the peculiar sanctuary of man. It adds nothing to the brilliancy of Miss Fawcett's exploit to institute comparisons between them. But, as Mrs. Butler had taken possession of one field, we are glad that Miss Fawcett has chosen the other for her own. And those who count themselves among the followers of Mr. Fawcett, and who long admired, not only his dauntless battle with adversity, but the whole purpose of his public life, may be permitted perhaps as friends to rejoice that in the University which has already many reasons for remembering his name this memorable honour should have fallen to his daughter's lot.

It may now, we assume, be regarded as a matter which experience has placed beyond the range of bias, that the opening up to women of the chief treasures of learning was a measure of fairness unfraught with harm. In individual cases, if we like, we are free to retain our feelings. Men may speculate whether in some instances college life is altogether advantageous for women of whose future they have, or hope, to dispose. But even brave men will no longer contend that the approaches to it should be barred to women, or deny that of its fitness for themselves they must ultimately be the judge. The whole question of the position of women is so full of difficulty that it is no wonder if the issues have sometimes been confused, and it is only gradually that we are be-

coming able to distinguish between them. The question of education is settled, when it is conceded that in all matters of intellectual attainment girls should enjoy unrestricted freedom, or should, if anything, be more quickly led into deep studies than boys. Beyond, there lies the harder and the separate problem of a woman's part in life. In these days we are a busy people, and we have not always time to think our problems out. But a matter of such profound import we may perhaps in all humility ask women to consider from all sides. It is easy enough to leap to the conclusion—and we are far from disputing it—that a woman is as good as a man. It is another matter to discover for what each is best fitted, and how the relation between them can most easily be suited to the altering conditions of a woman's life. The sphere of their activity, no man can doubt, is widening daily. It is true that women's work is still often under-paid; and the fact that only a minority of women are forced to earn their living, still checks the rate of wages. But there are signs that this inequality is likely slowly to diminish, and all sorts of occupations and employments are unfolding themselves rapidly to women of all classes. Which of these they mean to fill, which they are calculated to excel in, and what effect the acceptance of them may have upon their lives and the society about them—all these things are questions which not even the most intrepid journalists can decide offhand, or the strongest minds suffice without much thought to settle.

Further, beyond the question of women's private rights, there lies the harder question still, round which recently many controversies have gathered, and in which many protagonists have engaged, of their public function in the State. Shall they be "no more house-wives, but queens?" Who doubts that the latter-day philosopher is right, when he urges us to recognise, as a force to be reckoned with and applied, the active ambition of women? Deep-rooted in the hearts both of men and of women there sits this "inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them." How is that ambition to be utilised? What are the fields where it may safely lead its possessors? What are the limits which they ought to recognise, the barriers which Nature bids them bow to, and which immemorial experience sets? Or has an ampler knowledge and a changing age swept Nature and experience aside? How far is identity of political functions the real corollary to intellectual equality between men and women? Is an antagonism between them necessary as the basis of equality; or how far is that to be avoided or desired? We do not propose to answer these questions here. Our object is only to point out that they are questions which have to be answered, and that, as such, they require to be considered by the best brains both of women and of men. The problem is not perfectly simple, nor very plain to read. Its complexities are innumerable; its results reach infinitely far. But before women launch themselves into a new life, and step on to strange paths, we claim that they should pause, and think how those paths must be trodden, and whither they lead; and that they should take the bearings of the world with unembarrassed vision and with new-learned wisdom balancing the pulses of emotion, instinct, and ambitious hope. If Miss Fawcett and her compeers and successors will employ their gifts in making these things clear, and thus help us to settle perplexities which, so far, even humour has not solved, they may rest assured that they will render a conspicuous service in their generation to mankind.

MILITARY EXPERTS AND THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE debate of last week threw no new light upon the question of the Channel Tunnel, and both Sir E. Watkin and Sir M. Hicks-Beach, from opposite points of view, gave evidence of the confusion in which the military

argument is involved. The advocates are unable to disentangle the threads, or to grasp the weak points in the varied and various utterances of the experts. The opponents, with no greater understanding of the issues, parade mutually destructive opinions as if they were consistent and cumulative. The position of some of the military opponents is peculiar. As Sir M. Hicks-Beach admitted, Lord Beaconsfield's Government, though committing themselves to no pledge, distinctly gave what "amounted to a favourable consideration of the principle of the subject at a time when it had not been discussed by the military experts." The proposal was before the country for several years without giving rise to any military scare whatever, and when, according direct sanction to negotiations with France, the Government of the day merely stipulated against pecuniary liability. Where were then the military experts? Peradventure they slept. It could scarcely require years to arrive at some definite opinion upon a subject so simple. Among the military advisers of that Government were some of the authorities who have since protested against the tunnel, and have been included in lists prepared by enterprising magazine editors in order to frighten the public. Was it not their business to warn Lord Beaconsfield against the mad scheme upon which he was calmly embarking; or did their responsibility stop short of all questions not officially laid before them with the due formalities of red tape? Such reticence is, however, not always observable, and the self-restraint of these professional advisers is altogether admirable.

Most military questions can be grasped by anyone who will make the effort, and as Mr. Gladstone forcibly pointed out, it is possible to attach too great a value to expert opinion. The military authorities who flung more than a million into the sea in the failure to create, at Alderney, a harbour which the navy did not require, may well serve as a warning in the present case. Presumably the article in the current number of the *United Service Magazine* may be taken as fairly presenting the military objections to the tunnel. This article parades great names, and at the same time descends to personalities which ordinary good taste generally suffices to exclude from academical discussion. Having gratuitously assumed that "all soldiers who examine the question from an independent point of view look upon" the tunnel "as fraught with danger," the writer throws down a challenge. The "defenders of the scheme" are charged with "answering arguments against it which have never been used." Let Zadok's "arguments" therefore be regarded as putting the whole case.

England alone of great states maintains "a very small standing army." If once one of the armed nations of Europe "could come fairly into collision" with that small army, "even including the volunteers and militia in all their strength," we should be overrun and effaced. "Our marvellous security" is due to the fact that the "Power that should attempt to invade our shores would have to reckon first with a navy which has been hitherto supreme upon the seas." "From the moment the Channel Tunnel is constructed the navy ceases to have part or lot in the defence of the Kingdom." Fortifications are of no use since high explosives have been invented. In any case, no fortress in England can count as such, because "strangers, foreigners or not, are allowed to loaf in and out" at will. Colonel Maurice has prepared a list of cases dating back to 1700, in which war was begun without formal declaration. It is a delusion in days of railways to suppose that a large force need be gathered on the other side of the Channel "as Napoleon's army was at Boulogne." It would thus be the "easiest thing in the world" for an enemy to "fill Dover" with troops before we knew we were at war. No means of destroying or flooding the tunnel could be relied upon. "At the present time, practically, we, in our military arrangements for the defence of England, look to one thing, which is defending London; but, as long as the tunnel exists," there

would be a second point to be defended, equally important. Stripping the article of its padding, the above is all that remains.

This latest champion of the opposition starts with a clear *petitio principii*. That a collision between the present armed strength of Great Britain and that of any of the Great Powers, occurring on the same terms as that between France and Germany in 1870, would mean national ruin, is a mere axiom scarcely needing reiteration. The whole question is, how the tunnel could bring about such a collision, and on this point Zadok is as vague as his predecessors. Insist that (say) for one mile the railway line issuing from the tunnel shall run under the cliffs between Dover and Folkestone, fully exposed to the sea, and what Power on earth could make use of it till the British Navy was defeated and destroyed? There is deep water within five hundred yards of the shore. How would it be possible to count upon working such a line till the Channel was definitely cleared of our fleets? The navy would be the arbiter then as now. Zadok states that "high explosives" have killed fortifications, thereby proving that he has never had an opportunity of seeing the effects of these vastly overrated materials. For political purposes, it was necessary for the French press to extol *Mélinite*; Zadok accepts its effusions with touching simplicity and sublime ignorance of facts. Fortresses and fortifications are confused with royal indifference in this article. Anyone can "loaf in and out" of Dover, or Metz, or Verdun for that matter; but Zadok would find some considerable difficulty in entering *any* British fort, even without his party of armed "strangers." Only a few months ago Prince Henry of Prussia was courteously, but very firmly, stopped in attempting to go up the Rock of Gibraltar. The whole question of flooding or destroying the tunnel is, however, one of time. Granted freely that electric lights sometimes go out, that wires may be cut and fuzes decline to act; if it were a matter of minutes, the admission would have some value. There was not, however, an obsolete French fortress in 1870—71 with any regular garrison, which did not offer a resistance of several days, even when the Germans sat down before it in force with an ample artillery. Would such splendid positions as Dover Castle and Citadel, garrisoned even as they are to-day, be given up in an hour? Why are British soldiers to be insulted by these suppositions? As a matter of fact, neither of these positions could be taken at all, except by an overwhelming force, and after a heavy bombardment by a siege train. Here lies the dilemma, which the opposition never attempt to face. How is the fort, in which the means of destroying the tunnel are placed, to be taken? By a handful of disguised tourists?—then at least surprise has ended. The densest commandant will know what to do. The rails may at once be stripped from the end of the tunnel, or the turn of a pointsman's wrist will serve the purpose, and the first train runs to wreck. Meanwhile, the handful of heroes will be remorselessly killed, for combatant rights are not accorded to soldiers disguised. Is the Castle or the Citadel to be captured according to the usual methods of war?—then the necessary force must be disembarked on the beach and marched to Dover, or taken through the tunnel in some twenty successive trains and then either marched back along the line into the town, or shunted, or re-entrained. There is here no room for surprise. Even the imbecility which seems to be ascribed to the British soldier would apparently find something suspicious in all this. The enemy, having succeeded so far, now proceeds to attack an extremely strong position held by British troops. What time will Zadok allow for success? If military history is any guide, a week would be an absurdly low estimate. British troops have occasionally proved somewhat tenacious. There was a little fighting against some small odds at Hougoumont, and Hougoumont—which was not even a fort—is not known to have fallen. Will Zadok, who appears to deny intelligence and fighting power

alike to the British Army, concede a resistance of three days to works so strong as Dover Castle and Citadel, considering that in 1812 the Convents of Salamanca withstood the Duke of Wellington for nine days, and that in 1870 the mere walled town of La Fère kept out the Germans with a siege train for the same period. Grant three days, and not only will the enemy have forty thousand troops down upon his back, but the wires, fuzes, all the explosives, can be replaced thrice over, if necessary, and the destruction of the tunnel rendered absolutely certain. Under no conceivable circumstances can that destruction be reduced to a matter of minutes or even hours, and the attempt to base the danger upon the eccentricities of electricity breaks down absolutely. If there is complete surprise, there can be no force; if there is force, there is no surprise. In either case, there must be time and to spare, to flood or destroy the tunnel. Colonel Maurice's list of instances is highly creditable to his research, but has no bearing whatever upon the question. Every one knew before that wars have begun over and over again without formal declarations. The whole question is whether exceptional preparations can be kept secret at the present day; and to rake up musty incidents from the annals of the eighteenth century—when railways, telegraphs, and steamers, crowded every day with passengers were non-existent—is a mere attempt to blind the reason of the present by raising the dust of the past. The very density of the passenger traffic which the tunnel would carry would be an additional guarantee against surprise. Zadok's reading of history is completely at fault. Napoleon never concentrated his army at Boulogne, but at six or seven ports many miles apart. The British Navy has not always "been hitherto supreme upon the seas;" but it has at least sufficed to make invasion impossible. London is not the "one thing" to be defended. The national policy demands the inviolability of the coast line to a hostile landing, which the navy can guarantee now as formerly.

Let the advocates of the tunnel cease to contemplate increased fortifications and garrisons. Let them undertake that the line running on this side of the Channel, and, if possible, on the other side also, shall be fully exposed to the sea for a mile. From the Citadel of Dover, let an independent shaft meet the tunnel below the sea, and contain the arrangements by which it can be destroyed or flooded. Germany in full possession of Alsace-Lorraine would, if building a new bridge over the Rhine, provide mine chambers as a matter of routine. If the military objections are carefully dissected, and disentangled from the confusion in which they are involved, the national good sense will quickly appreciate their unreality.

TRAVEL TALKS.

IV.—KAIRWAN (*continued*).

WE took a glimpse at Kairwan, in which we left the greatest object in Kairwan unexamined. We were not led to the Great Mosque either first or last among the buildings of Kairwan. We were first—as it were, to whet the appetite—shown the two mosques, each remarkable in its way, of which we have already spoken; and after the Great Mosque had been seen, we still had time to get at least a glimpse of several which are much smaller, but not less instructive in their own sort. But the Great Mosque has no fellow, assuredly not in Kairwan, nor, as far as we can judge when we can only see outsides, either in Tunis or in Susa. A fellow assuredly it has not; but there does not seem even to be any lowlier building on the same general pattern. Among buildings not seen, but known by report and pictures, the one obvious parallel is Cordova. Cordova is the vaster, but Kairwan is the older. It is a building which, in those early days of Islam in which it was built, must have stood quite alone. Whatever we think of it as an artistic conception, it was at least an original

conception. It was assuredly not built, as so many of the religious buildings of Islam were, after the pattern of any Christian church. Okba was assuredly a man of ideas. He shows it in the very foundation of Kairwan. He shows it yet again in the chief house of worship in Kairwan.

It is grievous that the arrangements of our journey allow us to give one whole day only to the holy city of Western Islam. The only alternative would be to give to Kairwan a greater space of time. This cannot well be spared from other objects, to say nothing of the fact, which human nature will not wholly keep out of our reckonings, that it needs a little zeal to tarry at Kairwan at all. We do what we can; and the impression which we get of the whole city, and especially of the Great Mosque, imperfect as it is, seems likely to be an impression for life. It was well on the whole that we were not taken to it first of all. The Great Mosque is a really great work; the other two mosques which we see before it are not much more than curiosities; but they are instructive curiosities, and after the Great Mosque we might have been tempted to give them less attention than they deserve. We have seen them; we have gone back into the city to rest; and the time for the great sight of all is come. The Great Mosque is pre-eminently within the city; yet, a little to our surprise, we are led to it by a path which begins by taking us again outside the walls. We do not regret the path which was chosen for us; it is distinctly one which heightens our lesson. We are led for a good distance outside the southern wall, the opposite one to that which we skirted in our earlier walk to the Barber and the anchors. We go into the city again by a stately gateway with columns—alas! we have carried away neither photograph nor detailed notes—and are presently taken to continue our walk on the walls themselves, just as if we were going from bar to bar at York. No better way can be had of seeing the city as a whole. We skirt two sides; we are told that Kairwan was once much greater than it is now, that the Great Mosque, which now stands near the end of the city, with a good deal of open ground near it—like Pisa, stood once in the very heart. It is a vast pile of buildings with several cupolas, but not at all after the type of Saint Sophia and the churches and mosques which reproduce it. One passes an outer porch, which grows into a lofty tower. May we be forgiven for thinking, in such a place, of the porches which do somewhat the same at Wedmore and Bruton in Somerset! The great ribbed cupola of all stands over the actual entrance to the mosque; we have a kind of dim notion that it ought to have stood over the middle of the building, but then the Great Mosque of Kairwan cannot be said to have a middle. The mosque proper cannot be said to have an outline of any kind. This seems strange to those who are used to European buildings. The church of a great monastery really is as much surrounded by other buildings as one of these mosques; but it has its own distinct shape, and soars above the rest as their head and centre. Here it is not so; the mosque itself, the actual house of worship, has no separate outline, no being distinct from the mass of buildings which more than gather round it, which form parts of the whole of which the mosque is simply another part.

We now enter the great court. It is a vast cloister, to which we should have had something analogous in England if the great quadrangle of Christ Church, Oxford, had ever been finished as a cloister. The gateway tower in the one case answers to the muezzin's tower in the other; the great cupola of the mosque answers roughly to Saint Frideswide's spire; and now that the cathedral is again entered from the west, we are, as it were, smuggled into both buildings from the court. For as the mosque has nothing that can be called an outline, so it has nothing that can be called a front. One bay of the cloister is made high to form the entrance; that is all. The court itself is surrounded by arches resting on coupled columns supporting a stilt or small piece of entablature. But even this grand court is but the vestibule to the wonderful building which we enter from it. To an eye accustomed to the forms either of a Greek temple or a Christian church, the mosque of Kairwan seems to have

no particular shape or design. There is what may be called a nave, leading straight to the niche, the kebla pointing towards Mecca, the poor substitute for a high altar. This is the principal alley, rising higher than any of the others. But if we look upon it as a nave, we must say that there are endless aisles on each side, spreading far away, making the breadth of the whole building far greater than the length. But it is best not to bring in comparisons with any other buildings elsewhere. To one who has not seen Cordova, the thing is absolutely unique, unlike anything that the eye has ever taken in before. Cordova is said to be much larger, but then Kairwan is untouched, not disfigured by that unlucky choir which drew on its chapter the rebuke of the Emperor Charles. The mosque of Kairwan, so looked at, is simply a forest of columns, stretching away in every direction. Not a few of the most effective points of view are those which the architect most likely did not at all contemplate, views neither lengthways nor breadthways, but where the eye makes a slanting avenue for itself. One could gaze for ever, this way and that; the very sameness makes variety. It is columns, columns everywhere, and nothing but columns; but then those columns group themselves in endless ways; one could wander as in a real forest, and get some new grouping at every step. We look this way and that; one could fancy that the columns were a legion putting itself every moment into some new order at the word of command. The details of the kebla, of the ancient pulpit, and of what we heard called the Sultan's pew, are well worth looking at; but it is hard to look at anything but the columns. Yet we cannot quite keep back the thought that the central alley, looked at as a nave, wants something above the arches, something answering to triforium and clerestory. It is odd, too, that in a city where vaulted spaces meet us at every corner of the streets, neither a vault nor any other kind of artistic roof should have been added. We could not expect the mosaics of King Roger's chapel, but we might have had his roof dripping with honeycomb.

The sight of a building such as this is altogether unique, altogether overwhelming. It may be good art or not; it is none the less wonderful, none the less unlike anything that we have seen before. It is an odd thought; but the effect most like it to be seen in any Christian building has to be looked for in some underground crypts. The largest Christian churches seldom have more than two rows of pillars; hardly any have more than four. And all these are in the strictest subordination to the central nave, even when, as at Bourges, the aisles nearest to the nave themselves put on something of the character of secondary naves. There is nothing above ground in any Christian church at all like the forest of columns in our Kairwan mosque. But a good many crypts really do approach to it. The ranges of columns are often many more than above ground, and they are not in the same way subordinated to any central nave. But it is a very feeble approach; no crypt can in the nature of things be at all of the scale of the mosque of Kairwan, or at all approach the number of its ranges of columns.

What, then, was the leading thought in the mind of Okba, or his architect, which led to the result which our eyes now look upon? It is hard to say; that result may well have been more of a happy accident than anything else. But, after all, the forest of columns in the Great Mosque is little more than the carrying out on a greater scale of the same process by which the Saracens had from the first begun to build whatever they did build, exactly as Goths and later Romans. Everywhere a new building means the destruction of an old one; everywhere columns are got for the new building by carrying them away from the old. Okba only did on a greater scale what Christian emperors and kings had long been doing, and what his countrymen must have already often done on a smaller scale. The Great Mosque is only a gigantic development, not only of the basilica, but of the arcaded court, even of the covered street and the bazaar. What strikes us in this case at Kairwan is mainly the scale and the date. We have to take in that this astounding work was done

when St. Sophia was still a modern building, and when in England we had but lately begun to build the rudest buildings at all. The Great Mosque arose before the seventh century was ended, while Islam was still in its early zeal, when Africa was its latest conquest. When we recover from the first effects of the interior, the thought comes that we have here the fruits of the vastest and most systematic destruction that can be thought of. Not one of those hundreds of columns was hewn in order to be set up where it stands. There are none, like the few Saracen columns left at Palermo, cut fresh, with texts from the Koran graven upon them; there are none with capitals carved by the Saracen after his own fashion. These things mark later stages. Here the great mass of the columns have columns of what is called classical character, Corinthian and Composite. The havoc of buildings elsewhere which is implied in their presence in the mosque of Kairwan is appalling to think of. Not a few, to be sure, may have been moved alternately from pagan temples or basilicas to Christian churches before they were translated again to the house of Islam. But it is almost more striking to see that some of the capitals are not what we call classical, but of later, of Byzantine, character; they would not be out of place in St. Vitale at Ravenna. They must come from some building that was almost new when the invader came—perhaps from some church of the days of Justinian, an African St. Vitale, built to mark the restoration of Roman power and Orthodox belief.

It was in the court of the Great Mosque that we heard the clear voice of the Muezzin call to prayer, and utter his short *credo*. It was here that Assim gave us his little theological commentary. We climb the tower, to look down on the towers and cupolas of the city, perhaps, also, at the mountains which fringe the horizon. But there are mountains to be seen elsewhere; there is but one Kairwan. We yearn for many days there, instead of the one that is allowed us. For a crowd of smaller mosques, like the smaller churches of Lucca, invite us to tarry; and we cannot look down any hole or corner without catching a glimpse of more columns—more vaults. We mark a tower, arcaded, stage above stage from the bottom to the top, and with excellent coupled windows in adjoining buildings. We mark a mosque, seemingly that of Sidi Abid-el-Ghoulani, with—what the Great Mosque has not—a real Romanesque façade. This saint, we are told, died in 1402. But we are ceasing to be puzzled at these things. After our visit to the Great Mosque, prepared for it as we have been by gradual stages, we feel the architecture of the Saracen—at least, in this special province of Roman Africa—to be a thing no longer strange to us, a thing about which we may presently venture to say something as a whole. We have begun to take in how very lasting fashions, architectural fashions among them, are in these parts of the world. And, after all, fifteenth-century Romanesque is a thing which is not miraculous in other lands besides the Regency of Tunis. The abiding of early forms in these Saracen buildings is nothing more wonderful than what we constantly find in Italy, and still more in Dalmatia, buildings contemporary with the *Renaissance*, but which still do not belong to the *Renaissance*, but are genuine Romanesque. We go away from Kairwan pleased and instructed by the little that we have seen, and eager to see more. But what we have seen impresses on us more and more the true place of the Saracen in art and in everything else. Those who, by forgetting the existence of the Eastern Rome, so lightly and pleasantly shut out half the history of the world, are apt to dream of a time when the Arab had the whole civilization, the whole art and science of the world, to himself. At Kairwan we see him in his truer light, a disciple of Rome, a destroyer, but yet a disciple. He learns, he develops, he sometimes improves; he throws a spirit of his own into things; but he, strictly speaking, invents nothing. Kairwan and its mosques are built out of the materials of Roman buildings, in a style which is an offshoot—a bold and vigorous offshoot, but still an offshoot—from the art which the Roman in the like sort learned from the Greek, and developed for himself. More

faithful to Roman teaching than Europe, the style of the Saracen cleaves to essentially Roman forms, after Western Europe at last had, out of hints learned from the Saracen itself, brought a wholly new style to perfection. Alike in institutions and in buildings, Sidi Okba destroyed; Theodoric preserved. But Sidi Okba was, in his way, as truly a disciple of Rome as Theodoric himself. On this head we believe ourselves to have by this time earned the right to say something more distinctly.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ARBITRATION FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

VERY few subjects, even in this age, are more talked about and less understood than the utility of International Arbitration. Popular writers and speakers in England, America, and Italy are accustomed to dilate upon it as a sovereign remedy against war. Yet it constantly happens, as in the Penj-deh quarrel with Russia in 1885, and the recent dispute with Portugal, that we advance to the very verge of hostilities without a voice being raised in favour of a recurrence to this method of settlement. Everybody seems willing to advise everyone else to adopt it; but when anybody is asked to submit his own interests to a procedure which may result in loss to himself, he draws back, protesting that this is not a proper case. So now the Newfoundlanders, who might have been expected to welcome some proposal for extricating their island from its disagreeable position, meet the suggestion of an arbitration with a hasty refusal.

Obviously there are cases in which arbitration is unavailable. When facts are in dispute, and when, as happened in the recent African troubles with Portugal, the evidence needed for the ascertainment of the truth is very scanty, there is not much use in referring the facts to a third party for ascertainment. When the source of trouble is to be found in the distrust of one Government for another, and in the belief—often well founded—that the delay arbitration implies would be unfairly used, then, again, it might be weakness to allow an opponent the advantage he is likely to abuse. But there are two classes of instances to which arbitration is specially suitable. One includes those instances where the facts are practically admitted by both sides, but where the law of the case—that is to say, the construction of treaties or other documents, or the application of recognised legal principles—is in dispute. The Geneva arbitration of 1872 falls under this category. The second includes instances where there may be no great dispute either as to the facts or as to the law, but where a condition of things exists which is obviously inconvenient, creating difficulties which may develop into dangers, and where a re-adjustment and re-settlement of the relations of the two Powers become necessary. The use of arbitration in such an instance is to obtain the opinion, the suggestions, the moral authority, of an impartial third person, who, looking at the whole position, sees that since the exercise by each of the opponents of his admitted rights inflicts evils on the other, and may even imperil peace, each ought to be advised to forego some of these rights, and acquiesce in a compensation which may safeguard both his honour and his interests. In instances of this kind the function of the arbitrator is not so much to decide controversies as to devise, from a disinterested standpoint, a method whereby conflicting rights may be reconciled, and to estimate what the worth is to each party of the rights he is asked to relinquish—or, in other words, to suggest a basis for compensation. And the merit of arbitration in these instances lies not merely in the fact that it represents the fair judgment of outsiders, but that it enables each party to yield, with no loss of dignity, what it might have been difficult to yield to argument, and impossible to yield to menace.

Let us apply these considerations to the case of Newfoundland. What is it that is in dispute? Is it the facts? Scarcely at all. The use which the French make of the coast, the extent to which the Newfoundlanders are prevented from using their

own coast, are practically admitted on both sides. Is it, then, the law? It is the law to this extent—that there is a serious difference of opinion as to the meaning of the treaty. Does the right to fish include the right to take lobsters? Does the right to dry fish include the right to can lobsters? We agree with the Newfoundlanders and Lord Knutsford in thinking that it does not, but the question is so far doubtful as to be one which, if it arose between private persons, would deserve full argument before a Court. It may also be thought that the construction of the words "freedom from interruption," in which the Newfoundlanders find their main grievance, is also open to much doubt, and that these terms by no means cover all that the French seek to bring under them. Now these questions of interpretation are eminently susceptible of calm legal treatment; that is to say, they are questions fit to be referred to arbitration. The Newfoundland delegates insist, in the letter we publish, that the settlement of these points of law would still leave their position intolerable. They are probably right. But a determination of these points would clear the ground, and would, if as we believe the colonial contention is sound, much strengthen the colony in future negotiation. We admit, however, that the most difficult part of the problem would remain to be solved. Those rights which the French clearly have under the treaties are sufficient to annoy the Newfoundlanders, and to seriously retard the development of the colony. They are, however, as it is alleged, and we believe with truth, no longer of much practical value to the French, while the French have something to gain by obtaining greater facilities in the matter of buying bait. Here then is a case falling under the second class of instances in which arbitration is proper and useful. Some re-settlement is needed. It is in the interests not only of the colony, which finds the present state of things insufferable, but of England, which desires to have a cause of quarrel with her neighbour removed, and of France, which, besides her interest in peace, has something to gain from the Newfoundlanders, and is entitled to compensation for any right which she consents to abandon. What is wanted is a fair examination of the whole matter, with an honest desire to arrive at some scheme which may award to France a due recompense for whatever she surrenders. Such an examination may doubtless be made by England and France alone; but if their views as to what is fair should be found to differ too widely, the intervention of a friendly third party may greatly aid them to arrive at a compromise, and to induce the two nations to acquiesce cheerfully in any arrangement which the two Governments may recommend.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this article to examine into the justice of every part of the Newfoundland case. That their complaints are well founded may be admitted. They must, however, remember that the source of these complaints is not new. England has not imposed disabilities on the colony; the colony has grown up since A.D. 1713 with these disabilities continually in the knowledge of her people. The colonists are in the position of the man who has bought a field over which a right of way already exists. It is disagreeable for him; but he came there with notice, and must pay for having his position improved. On the other hand, England also owes something to her children; and if she finds anywhere else in the world the means of giving to France, with no serious injury to her own imperial strength, any piece of territory by which the relinquishment of French rights in Newfoundland may be purchased, it may be good policy for her to show herself willing to meet the wishes of France.

A RUSSIAN IN OXFORD.

IN the month when Oxford is at its best, when nature does for it all that nature can, when the sun is warm in May, and young people are everywhere taking their pleasure, when there are boat-races and cricket-matches, lunches in colleges, and picnics on the river, a small audience twice in every week gathered this year to listen to the lectures of an ex-professor of the University of Moscow. Johnson exulted at the thought that he should be read on the banks of the Volga. He would have

been delighted, such was the generous breadth of his humanity, could he have foreseen that the day was to come when a great scholar from the banks of an affluent of that noble stream would be heard in his own University of Oxford. One thing, and one thing only, would he have regretted. The audience, so far at all events as numbers went, would have seemed to him unworthy both of Oxford and of the lecturer. In that University many men are too busy, many are too idle, to receive instruction. If "the affable archangel Raphael" himself were to offer to give a course of lectures there, unless he could show that they would "pay" for the schools, or unless he could get a German Prince to preside, he would see his audience quickly dwindle away when once curiosity had been satisfied. Yet in a place which is with justice looked upon as the seat of the modern historical school it might have been expected that Maxime Kovalevsky, the Sir Henry Maine of Russia, would have been surrounded by an eager band of listeners. It is true that, excellent as was the English in which these lectures were written, there were peculiarities in the lecturer's pronunciation which rendered needful close attention. Nevertheless, with attention the discourse as a whole was without difficulty followed though now and then a word was missed. The six lectures will, we trust, be speedily published by the Clarendon Press. In themselves they are an important contribution to the history of modern customs and ancient laws, and they are peculiarly interesting from the nationality of the lecturer and from the place in which they were delivered.

Mr. Kovalevsky has been for a year or two enjoying the sunshine of the Riviera. From his chair at Moscow he had taught that the Russians, like the other branches of the Aryan stock, had once been a free people. Serfdom, at the time when it was abolished, had not lasted three hundred years; in fact it had not been completely established before the year 1648. There had met, moreover, from time to time, a kind of States-General, an institution which lasted longer than the similar one in France. A decree for its re-establishment and convocation had been signed by Alexander II. only the day before he was so cruelly and so madly murdered. All this Mr. Kovalevsky taught at Moscow, for he was a professor, not of romantic pedantry and the divine right of kings, but of history. One day on opening his newspaper he learnt for the first time that, on account of the delicate state of his health, he had applied to the Minister of Public Instruction for permission to seek the climate of the Riviera, and that a furlough had been graciously granted to him. He took the hint, and set off on his travels. The Russian Balfour showed a delicacy which might well be imitated by his English rival. A goodly ward in the world's great prison was assigned to the culprit, and he was not deprived of his small-clothes. And now here he has been in Oxford, by the invitation of the University, on the very site of the palace in which was born Richard Cœur de Lion, beneath the shadow of the Martyrs' Memorial, in full view of Balliol College, the embodiment of the modern spirit, and of St. John's College with its memories of Laud, lecturing on the liberties of the Russian people. Full of hopefulness in the sure if slow progress of a freedom founded not on anarchy and mad violence, but on the development of those institutions which Russia either now enjoys or once possessed, he looked back with pride to the vast stride which his country had made since the beginning of this century. He mourned over the check which it had in late years received, but he trusted that the period of reaction would soon come to an end, and that progress would once more renew its beneficent course. In 1803, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" was translated into Russian, and at once produced a profound effect. The question of the comparative cost of free and servile labour became a matter of constant discussion, and a partial emancipation of the serfs soon followed. The movement went on with greater and greater force, till, by the Czar's decree in 1861, twenty-three millions of serfs became free men. How little did the kings and great nobles, the conquerors, Ministers, and courtiers of last century dream that an absent-minded Scotch scholar, taking his solitary walks along the

beach of Kirkcaldy, smiling and talking to himself, lost in his musings, was meditating a blow for freedom far mightier than the blows for servitude struck by all their combined forces! What student was there who heard this Russian own the vast debt of his poor countrymen to the simple-minded Scotch professor but whispered to himself, *Ed io anche sono pittore*—"I too am a scholar"? Political economy, the scoff of the political dreamer, had here its day of triumph. That science, after all, is not so dismal which has freed more men than even the planters of America enslaved.

The visit of such a man as Mr. Kovalevsky to Oxford does good not only by the knowledge which he imparts, but by the sympathy which he inspires. It was impossible even for the most inveterate Tory to meet him and not to be forced by his friendly, genial ways to admit that not every Russian is a Tartar more or less highly varnished. Russia, unhappily, has of late years taken the place of France, and has become that most unnatural thing of all, England's natural enemy. We have but to get to know the people better, their thoughts, their longings, their troubles, their joys, all the familiar matters of their everyday life, to feel for them as the prophet Jonah was bidden to feel for the people of that great city "wherein were more than six-score thousand persons that could not discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle." People hate Russia as if it were one Czar, and not one hundred millions of people. They judge it, not by its struggling efforts after freedom and civilisation, not by the barbarity of the East from which it is slowly and steadily emerging, but by the civilisation and refinement of the West. They forget that little more than one hundred years ago, John Howard discovered that in English prisons poor debtors were slowly starving on an allowance of bread too small to support life. They forget that far on in the present century there was a penal code in England more savage than that which still disgraces Russia. They forget that ninety years ago we were a nation of slave-traders; that less than seventy years ago we were a nation of slave-holders, the owners of Jamaica, "that den of tyrants, and dungeon of slaves." They forget the savage cruelty with which in that unhappy island, only four-and-twenty years ago, a riot was avenged by Governor Eyre and his soldiers. They forget all our wars of conquest in India and in Africa, and raise their hands to heaven in sorrow and indignation over the ambition of Russia. They refuse even to gain a clearer sight of her growing civilisation by first fixing their gaze on that black shadow which fringes her southern borders, where the Turk overwhelms with unspeakable and hopeless degradation one of the fairest parts of the world's fair surface.

We are coming, thank Heaven! to know both Turk and Russian better. Bad as is the government of the Czar, his is no hopeless despotism. It is not where a Russian has set his foot that the grass ceases to grow. It is not they who turn into wastes, countries which once flourished with an abundant population. They, like all the other branches of the great Aryan stock, have in them the seeds of free institutions which shall assuredly, in the course of time, burst into full and luxuriant growth. The Turk will not bring forth the fruits of freedom and civilisation till the shores of the Dead Sea bring forth grapes and corn. In the glorious history of our country there are to be found too many black pages; but to future ages that is likely to seem the blackest of all which shall tell how, for the sake of our empire in India, we kept the suffering Christian populations of the south-east of Europe and of Asia Minor beneath the yoke of a savage and ignorant brute. We would not stretch out our hands to help them, and we tried to drive off those to whom in their despair they turned for succour and relief. How different would be the state of the East, how fair would be our fame, had we met Russian ambition, not with a selfish regard to our own imperial interests, but with a generous enthusiasm for races struggling for that freedom which we have so long enjoyed! But, as we have already said, we are coming to understand both nations better. The Turk at length has had the mask torn from his face, and the foul

savage is discovered beneath. The Russian is seen to be much such a man as we are ourselves. In the translations of the novels of Turgueniev and Tolstói, English readers are beginning to understand Russian life as Russian readers have long understood the life of England. In few lands has our noble literature been more widely or more warmly welcomed. Oxford has done well in bringing over this distinguished professor to lecture on the institutions of his country. She has done still better in establishing this year a permanent course of lectures on the Slavonic languages. She was fortunate enough to number among her residents the greatest Slavonic scholar in Great Britain, Mr. W. R. Morfill, whose admirable "History of Russia" we lately reviewed, and she has made him the first Reader. There are those who think that the Russian language should be studied as an additional facility for cutting Russian throats. They can contemplate nothing but a state of warfare between the two nations, and they are always preparing against the day when we shall invade the Russian Empire or they shall invade ours. It is not the God of Battles but the God of Peace who inspires us when we rejoice that the language of this mighty race shall be studied by Englishmen. We rejoice that we shall thereby come to know each other better, for it is by such knowledge, by the charity and the forbearance which it brings, that that blessed time shall arrive when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more.

ACTOR-MANAGERS.

JUDGED by the *Fortnightly* and the *Nineteenth Century* the actor-manager system is the question of the day. We don't think it is ourselves by any means. Nevertheless it has its interest. It has also its two sides, for here are such judicious critics as Mr. Oswald Crawford and Mr. Archer saying that dramatists are in chains because all the leading actors are managers, and such distinguished players as Mr. Irving and Mr. Tree replying that because the actors are managers now is the dramatist's chance. For our own part we agree with the critics (though they seem to have mislaid part of their argument); but let us see what the actor-managers have to say for themselves.

Mr. Irving's defence amounts apparently to this—that an actor cannot afford not to be a manager. Management is harassing, but unless you do it yourself you will not get it done in the best possible way. The actor, therefore, becomes a manager that he may the more completely serve his mistress, Art. Coming from a man who has lifted acting so high, this theory must have taken Mr. Crawford aback. Mr. Tree goes into the question more elaborately than Mr. Irving, and replies to Mr. Crawford's charges, maintaining it to be natural and proper that the ambitious actor should take the first opportunity of becoming a manager, giving a list of the many actor-managers and the few managers not actors who have been successful, pointing out that the actor-manager governed by vanity must soon become a bankrupt, and adding that Shakespeare with other great dramatists wrote "one-part plays."

Despite our admiration for Mr. Irving and Mr. Tree, we think they are wrong. Memorable work has been done at the Lyceum of late years, but it could have been more memorable had the theatre been under the control of a management not less sagacious nor less practical than Mr. Irving, but without itself to consider in the distribution of parts. The question is not necessarily (as Mr. Tree seems to think) between actor-managers of his own calibre and managers such as the Messrs. Gatti. If it were we would go over to the actor-managers. It is between clever actor-managers and managers not actors who have the best interests of the stage at heart, and at the same time thoroughly realise that a theatre is a commercial undertaking. With such a management at the Lyceum, the first effort, of course, would be to secure Mr. Irving's services and to stage-manage the productions as faultlessly as he does

himself. The difference would be in the plays produced. There would be no foolish attempt to present pieces that were literary, but not dramatic; even to be dramatic would not be sufficient, for in a play of to-day stage-construction is as necessary as a mastery of human nature. It is, of course, objected that the best plays written nowadays find their way into the bills of the theatre, and this we believe is, on the whole, true. The question, however, is rather are the best plays written nowadays the best that could be written if our best literary men wrote them? For our own part we think less poorly of the successful playwrights of to-day than do many critics, but it would nevertheless be absurd to compare them to our leading novelists. Why are our novelists not also dramatists? In most countries the eminent novelist is also a dramatist almost as a matter of course, but with us he either ignores the drama or writes one play which is never produced. "Yes, I did once write a play," a well-known novelist recently said to the present writer, "and it was accepted by — (a prominent actor-manager of some years ago). I have never seen him since then, and as he died lately I hope I never shall now." Perhaps other novelists have had a similarly disheartening experience. At the same time it is to be granted that when the novelist's ewe-lamb is produced it nearly always fails. This is no proof that our novelists cannot write plays, while the novelists of all other countries can. It only shows that our novelists have never thought it worth their while to adopt play-writing as a profession. The methods of making plays and novels are entirely different, but knowledge of human nature with the capacity to turn it to account—that is to say, a sense of the dramatic, power of character-drawing, wit, humour, and pathos—is what both novel and play are made of, and by learning stage-construction the novelist should be able to make himself a playwright. There is a fascination in seeing one's characters on the stage. Play-writing can be a noble art, and its pecuniary rewards are comparatively splendid. Yet the writing of plays is left to second- and third-rate men. Why is this? Has the actor-manager system anything to do with it? We think it has.

Mr. Tree errs when he thinks he defends plays written for a particular actor by reminding us that Shakespeare wrote one-part plays. Let it be granted at once that one or two characters in a piece round whom the interest centres are a strength to a play instead of a weakness. The same holds good of novels. But to write to order, to fit an actor with just the sort of part that he most fancies himself in, is another matter. That is what the actor-manager demands, to his temporary glory doubtless, but not to his ultimate advantage, for he would become a greater artist if he had to struggle with difficulties, and overcome them, instead of continuing to do what he has done well already. We go further, and emphasise a drawback to the actor-manager system that is not mentioned by either Mr. Crawford or Mr. Archer. The dramatist is not merely bound to fit one actor. In most of our leading theatres there is also a lady to be fitted, and thus, so to speak, both of the playwright's arms are tied. It is as if the publisher said to the novelist, "I have a reputation with the public for books in which a baby dies pathetically, so, remember, in each of your stories you must kill a baby."

Mr. Tree's list of actor-managers is by no means accurate; but in any case it only proves that in past times this bad system held to a certain, not very formidable, extent. The actor-managers have always been better known than the managers not actors. Of course they have, for there is their acting to remember them by. Even at this day they produce better plays than the other managers. This, again, is granted; but it is only saying that actors who have the artistic sense and personal ambition are superior to managers to whom theatres are simply a shop. It is no argument at all that managers who combined with practical sagacity a love of art, and who were untrammelled by a desire to appear in a part fashioned to the best display of themselves, would not be more open than the actor-manager to consider a play merely on its merits as a play.

Mr. Crawford—as Mr. Archer points out—makes a mistake

in saying that the actor-manager surrounds himself with nobodies. Were he to do this his theatre would soon cease to be a paying speculation. But, though the "support" is usually as good as can be got, its technical name fits it admirably. The play is written to suit one person, or two persons, and of the other characters the rest of the company must make the most they can. The days are past when pieces were accepted by managers because they seemed good plays, when the actor was cast for a part, and not the part cast for him. As a result, no mere actor has now much chance of greatly distinguishing himself, and as a result again of that he becomes a manager as quickly as he can. To be a leading actor has become a way of saying that one is a manager. Thus theatres given over to actor-managers means not only that plays to be accepted must be written to suit an individual, but that the best actors being spread over many theatres, no great play, such as a new *School for Scandal*, could be efficiently acted at any one of them. As matters stand, there can be no enthusiasm for play-writing among the men qualified to write the best plays.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

VII.—IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

I HOPE that, when my time comes, they will not lay me here. I should be in honourable company, for many lords and ladies inhabit here, and many good men, and some few good fellows; and no doubt it will not greatly matter to my dust whether the sounds I shall not hear be those of some country rookery or the banging of guns and the strains of a French waltz from the "Wild East," over the wall, or whatever will then correspond to it. I strolled into the French Exhibition the other day, and remember the moving *adagio* of the band as they led out a super and pretended to shoot him. The tune is hardly so impressive to-day, and one feels tempted to rate the actor's mask at less than the man behind it: which is inartistic. That is Lytton Sothorn's grave against the wall to the left.

A broad avenue of limes leads straight from the gate to a classic cupola, that, as you enter, looks no larger than a toy house in the distance. Under these limes, at irregular intervals, stand the proud mausoleums and family vaults of a few, and behind them, to right and left, the rank and file, the packed battalions, of the dead;—the yew, the cedar, and the cypress; the urn, the broken column, and the weeping angel; and beyond, on one side, the backs of houses over an ivied wall; on the other, the signals and telegraph wires of a District Railway station. There are some acres between the ivied wall and the telegraph wires, and many a thousand of monuments; and the grandest monument of all is to Jackson, the prize-fighter. A colossal lion couches above; the pedestal announces that several noblemen and gentlemen combined to set it up, and adds some rhymed heroics to the effect that death wears out even the lion's thews. So Jackson must die in his hour, though a prize-fighter.

Every twenty minutes, or less, brings a fresh colonist. But you will leave the task of welcoming him to the beadle beneath the classic cupola, and choose to turn aside out of the lime avenue as the dark coaches come up along it. A few years ago you might find as many as six or eight coffins at a time in the little temple, and the clergyman pronouncing the first part of the burial service over them all, saint and sinner, in a lump. And afterwards it would be a scurry from one newly dug pit to another, and perhaps "our dear brother" gabbled, when "sister" should have been the word, to the miserable scandal of the mourners. Now they order these things better; still it must hurt the sanctity of sorrow to be one of three or four groups gathered within the same enclosure, each to bury its dearest out of sight. The feeling is ridiculous, to be sure. The statistical mind recognises that a great many men and women die and are put into the earth every day. And yet I confess to longing that those whose

business it will be to put me there shall think it quite a singular event. As it is, I have already passed four separate groups with doffed hat. The hearses are trotted out by a gate at the back, and there is a public-house, not far away, where the undertaker's men drown care, for a season only. They will be back again to-morrow.

The legions of graves are well kept, but I suspect much of this to be the work of the men employed on the cemetery. A cynic would find plenty of food for his humour in the flowers; would notice, for instance, that the fresh lilies of 1890 are the faded lilies of 1889, and merely *immortelles* in 1888, as if the flowers bloomed backwards. When you reach 1879, they have changed to ivy, signifying the prayer, "Lord, keep my memory green!" But one small tombstone, at least—a very little one, that bears the last-mentioned date, under the wall that shuts off the District Railway, in the acre where the children mostly lie—was decorated, if I mistake not, freshly this morning. Its wreath of pansies hangs for "Bobbie, our darling boy." "Bobbie" died at the age of three years and eight months, when little boys are dearest, perhaps.

Not far from this, under a tall white cross, with *Tria Juncta in Uno* upon it, the motto of their great brigade, lie the foot-guards; and in the next acre, the cavalry, all waiting for the bugle. I know, by the tune that the band is playing, that the lion-tamer at the French Exhibition is just about to enter the cage. And even this seems a small thing compared with that which these soldiers have faced, not in war. There are two small burial-grounds, that I recall, almost within sound of the Bay of Biscay, hidden in the hills around Bayonne. One is marked by two parallel rows of cypresses, the other by a barked trunk that a cannon-ball pierced on the night of the famous sortie from that city. They hold the bones of these men's forerunners, who seemed, as one stood by their graves, to have earned a fine resting place. But, after all, the real foe was the same for all, whether encountered below the Pyrenees or beside the Park.

There is diphtheria in some of the streets near at hand; and who can wonder at it? We hide our dead more selfishly than the miser hides his treasure. For the sake of that last picture of the body in its coffin—as if the last were the worthiest—we put it away as it is, and let our memory cheat our reason. These gigantic cemeteries *must* be centres of disease; no one disputes it. No one disputes, also, that the best-beloved body decays. And yet, for the sake of an amiable but pernicious delusion, we go on poisoning the living. The papers, a few days ago, were all talking about an Italian lady who directed her body to be cremated, and the ashes to be publicly exhibited, to convince the people. In other words, we all have the conviction, but are amazed that anyone else should have the courage of it. This reflection will lead you forth at the cemetery entrance to observe the living. They are so much more astounding than the dead.

If you are a happy man, you will meet more of your friends outside. One of the impressions left by the place is that the folk in there wear very queer names. Renatus, Hannibal, Josadek, Abi, Ephuan, Parmilia, Amerideth—these are Christian names that you have no part and no lot with, as you have with the homely folk, affliction sore long time who bore, in the parish of your birth. To rest here would be to feel alone in a crowd.

The feeling is not to be denied. It sounds a truism to say that man is born of parents, and in a certain spot; but the fact will affect his views about burial more than whole pages of argument. "The dead are terribly mixed," he will say; "let me go with my kin"; and he will take offence at the sextons here, because their faces are strange. The bedman at home knows his family, and would be sure to treat him as a gentleman. Odd stories are told of the old man—how he loves what he plants, like a gardener, and can talk about that which lies underneath long years after the floral offerings on top have been discontinued; and how he took a month's holiday once, but was uneasy all the while, lest old Mrs. X. should die in his absence, and his *locum tenens* delve a bed not to her liking.

So, unless reason shall have introduced cremation before then, may I too lie not far from "Argos, my dear country."

THESE-AN'-THAT'S WIFE.

IN the matter of These-an'-That himself, public opinion in Troy is divided. To the great majority he appears scandalously careless of his honour; while there are just six or seven who fight with a suspicion that there dwells something divine in the man.

To reach the town from my cottage I have to cross the Passage Ferry, either in the smaller boat which Eli pulls single-handed, or (if a market-cart, or donkey, or drove of cattle be waiting on the "slip") I must hang about till Eli summons his boy to help him with the horse-boat. Then the gangway is lowered, the beasts are driven on board, the passengers follow at a convenient distance, and the long 'sweeps' take us slowly across the tide. It was on such a voyage, a few weeks after I settled in the neighbourhood, that I first met These-an'-That.

I was leaning back against the chain, with my cap tilted forward to keep off the dazzle of the June sunshine on the water, and lazily regarding Eli as he pushed his 'sweep.' Suddenly I grew aware that by frequent winks and jerks of the head he wished to direct my attention to a passenger on my right—a short, round man in black, with a basket of eggs on his arm.

There was quite a remarkable dearth of feature on this passenger's face, which was large, soft, and unhealthy in colour: but what surprised me was to see, as he blinked in the sunlight, a couple of big tears trickle down his cheeks and splash among the eggs in his basket.

"There's trouble agen, up at Kit's," remarked Eli, finishing his stroke with a jerk, and speaking for the general benefit, though the words were particularly addressed to a drover opposite.

"Ho!" said the drover: "that woman agen?"

The passengers, one and all, bent their eyes on the man in black, who smeared his face with his cuff, and began weeping afresh, silently.

"Beat en blue las' night, an' turned en to doors—the dirty trollop."

"Eli, don't ee—" put in the poor man, in a low, deprecating voice.

"Iss, an' no need to tell what for," exclaimed a red-faced woman who stood by the drover, with two baskets of poultry at her feet. "She's a low lot; a low trapesin' —" (she used a word not of the drawing-room). "If These-an'-That, there, wasn' but a pore, ha'-baked shammick, he'd ha' killed that wife o' his afore this."

"Naybours, I'd as lief you didn' mention it," appealed These-an'-That, huskily.

"I'm afeard you'm o' no account, These-an'-That: but sam-sodden, if I may say so."

"Put in wi' the bread, an' took out wi' the cakes," suggested Eli.

"Wife!—a pretty loitch, she an' the whole kit, up there," went on the market-woman. "If you durstn't lay finger 'pon your wedded wife, These-an'-That, but let her an' that long-legged gamekeeper turn'ee to doors, you must be no better 'n a worm,—that all I say."

I saw the wretched man's face twitch as she spoke of the gamekeeper. But he only answered in the same dull way.

"I'd as lief you didn' mention it, friends,—if 'tis all the same."

His real name was Tom Warne, as I learnt from Eli afterwards; and he lived at St. Kit's, a small fruit-growing hamlet two miles up the river, where his misery was the scandal of the place. The very children knew it, and would follow him in a crowd sometimes, pelting him with horrible taunts as he slouched along the road to the kitchen garden out of which he made his living. He never struck one; never even answered; but avoided the school-house as he would a plague; and if he saw the Parson coming, would turn a mile out of his road.

The Parson had called at the cottage a score of times at least: for the business was quite intolerable. Two evenings out of the

six, the long-legged gamekeeper, who was just a big, drunken bully, would swagger easily into These-an'-That's kitchen and sit himself down without so much as "by your leave." "Good evenin', gamekeeper," the husband would say in his dull, nerveless voice. Mostly he only got a jeer in reply. The fellow would sit drinking These-an'-That's cider and laughing with These-an'-That's wife, until the pair, very likely, took too much, and the woman without any cause broke into a passion, flew at the little man, and drove him out of doors, with broomstick or talons, while the gamekeeper hammered on the table and roared at the sport. His employer was an absentee who hated the Parson, so the Parson groaned in vain over the scandal.

Well, one Fair-day I crossed in Eli's boat with the pair. The woman—a dark gipsy creature—was tricked out in violet and yellow, with a sham gold watch-chain and great aluminium earrings: and the gamekeeper had driven her down in his spring-cart. As Eli pushed off, I saw a small boat coming down the river across our course. It was These-an'-That, pulling down with vegetables for the fair. I cannot say if the two saw him: but he glanced up for a moment at the sound of their laughter, then bent his head and rowed past us a trifle more quickly. The distance was too great to let me see his face.

I was the last to step ashore. As I waited for Eli to change my sixpence, he nodded after the couple, who by this time had reached the top of the landing-stage, arm in arm.

"A bad day's work for *her*, I reckon."

It struck me at the moment as a moral reflection of Eli's, and no more. Late in the afternoon, however, I was enlightened.

In the midst of the Fair, about four o'clock, a din of horns, beaten kettles, and hideous yelling, broke out in Troy. I met the crowd in the main street, and for a moment felt afraid of it. They had seized the woman in the tap-room of the "Man-o'-War"—where the gamekeeper was lying in a drunken sleep—and were hauling her along in a Ram Riding. There is nothing so cruel as a crowd, and I have seen nothing in my life like the face of These-an'-That's wife. It was bleeding, it was framed in tangles of black, dishevelled hair, it was livid: but, above all, it was possessed with an awful fear—a horror it turned a man white to look on. Now and then she bit and fought like a cat: but the men around held her tight, and mostly had to drag her, her feet trailing, and the horns and kettles dinning in her wake.

There lay a rusty old ducking-cage among the lumber up at the town-hall; and some fellows had fetched this down; with the poles and chain, and planted it on the edge of the Town Quay, between the American Shooting Gallery and the World-Renowned Swing Boats. To this they dragged her, and strapped her fast.

There is no need to describe what followed. Even the virtuous women who stood and applauded would like to forget it, perhaps. At the third souse, the rusty pivot of the ducking-pole broke, and the cage, with the woman in it, plunged under water.

They dragged her ashore at the end of the pole in something less than a minute. They unstrapped and laid her gently down, and began to feel over her heart, to learn if it were still beating. And then the crowd parted, and These-an'-That came through it. His face wore no more expression than usual, but his lips were working in a queer way.

He went up to his wife, took off his hat, and producing an old red handkerchief from the crown, wiped away some froth and seaweed that hung about her mouth. Then he lifted her limp hand, and patting the back of it gently, turned on the crowd. His lips were still working. It was evident he was trying to say something.

"Naybours," the words came at last, in the old dull tone; "I'd as lief you hadn' thought o' this."

He paused for a moment, gulped down something in his throat, and went on—

"I wudn' say you didn' mean it for the best, an' thank you kindly. But you didn' know her. Roughness, if I may say, was never no good wi' her. It must ha' been very hard for her to die like this, axin your parden, for she wasn' one to bear pain."

Another long pause.

"No, she cudn' bear pain. P'raps *he* might ha' stood it better—though o' course you meant it for the best, thankin' you kindly. I'd as lief take her home now, naybours, if 'tis all the same."

He lifted the body in his arms, and carried it pretty steadily down the quay steps to his market-boat, that was moored below. Two minutes later he had pushed off and was rowing it quietly homewards.

There is no more to say, except that the woman recovered. She had fainted, I suppose, as they pulled her out. Anyhow, These-an'-That restored her to life—and she ran away the very next week with the gamekeeper.

Q.

A PIANOFORTE CARNIVAL.

LAST season scarcely any foreign pianists visited London. This strange remissness on their part seems to have struck them all; and this year the English capital has been subjected to a veritable pianistic invasion. Sapellnikoff from Russia; Paderewski and Godowski from Poland; Stavenhagen from Germany; Albeniz from Spain; Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, Madame Roger-Miclos, Madame Berthe Marx, and M. Pierre Hirsch, all from France; Madame Sophie Menter from Austria, and Madame Carreno from Venezuela. These are the pianists, counting those of the first rank alone, who for the last week or two have been struggling, as if for existence, in our London concert rooms. Nor must our English pianists of foreign growth be forgotten; among whom may be named Miss Fanny Davies, pupil of Madame Schumann, Mr. Borwick, also pupil of Madame Schumann, and Mr. Lamond, pupil of Liszt. Every pianist claims to be a pupil of Liszt who has ever at any time visited him at Weimar and played a single piece to him; which, thanks to the obliging nature of the master, happened to many. Herr Stavenhagen, however, is a Liszt pupil of the most authentic kind; in proof of which it need only be mentioned that he played publicly in that character in presence of Liszt when, shortly before his death, the eminent pianist and composer visited London. That he has inherited the Liszt tradition is proved, moreover, by the masterly style in which he executes Liszt's works.

Gospodin Sapellnikoff is a pupil of Madame Sophie Menter; and here again the professor accepts full responsibility for the student, the two being announced to play together the week after next. "Pan" Godowski, as this Polish pianist should be called—unless the reasonable custom be adopted of giving to all the foreign musicians, of so many different nationalities, who visit us, the honourable designation of "Mr."—is a pupil of Saint-Saëns; and, as if to prevent any possibility of mistake on this point, the composer of *Ascanio*, and of so much beautiful pianoforte music, came to London in order to assist at the *début* in this country of his gifted and accomplished pupil.

M. Saint-Saëns had been present the night before at a performance of his C Minor Concerto, with "Pan" Paderewski as soloist; and far better, it must be admitted, was the Saint-Saëns concerto than the concerto composed by "Pan" Paderewski himself, who also figured in the programme. Paderewski has written charming pieces for piano alone—pieces full of melody, of spontaneity, and, like his own playing, of character. But when he becomes ambitious Paderewski, as a composer, becomes unendurable. "*Tel brille au second rang*," says Voltaire in his deservedly forgotten epic, "*Qui s'éclipse au premier*."

It may interest musical readers to know that Paderewski, who studied at the Conservatorium of Warsaw, is a pupil of "Pan" Janotha, father of the excellent pianist who has played so often, and with so much success, at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Madame Schumann is answerable for the playing of Miss Fanny Davies and of Mr. Borwick; which she may be congratulated thereupon. She ought, however, to caution her pupils against

her own peculiar manner of bending over the key-board. Apart from artistic considerations, a pupil of Madame Schumann's may almost be recognised by a characteristic but by no means graceful stoop.

The two Spanish pianists now in London, Madame Carreno and Señor Albeniz, have, both of them, Southern qualities. Both, too, show the influence of Liszt. Señor Albeniz has, at the same time, a talent of his own, which he shows as much in his graceful composition as in his expressive playing.

Of the French pianists it may briefly be said that Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg is the most classical, and Madame Roger-Miclos the most Parisian. All the French pianists, it may be observed, have a certain quality of reserve which in the German and Russian pianists is generally wanting. When, a few nights ago, Madame Sophie Menter, in a tearing performance, tore one of her finger nails, the incident, if not absolutely typical, was at least suggestive. The next day, at Madame Menter's recital, it was formally announced that, in consequence of the "tear," Madame Menter's finger had become inflamed. Thus pianoforte playing has at last become not only a violent, but a dangerous occupation.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

EVERYONE was glad to see Mr. Smith back in the House of Commons on Monday, for though not a great man of affairs, he is, at least, superior to Mr. Goschen in tact and judgment.

Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone solicited the opinion of the Speaker on the question of the instructions which now beset almost every Bill at the stage of Committee, and they drew from the chair a declaration which was at once clear and sweeping. Mr. Peel held that every instruction that traversed the principle of a Bill was out of order, and under this comprehensive principle almost all instructions of the slightest value will be inadmissible.

Monday is described by the Ministerialists as a "wasted night." It is true that no progress was made with Government business; but for this the Ministry are indebted to the Whitsuntide exploits of the Irish Government. Mr. Dillon moved the adjournment of the House for the purpose of calling attention to the violent and unconstitutional action of the authorities with regard to the meetings at Tipperary and Cashel. The Tories—that is to say, those of them who remained to hear—were impressed with Mr. Dillon's narrative. He showed that the proclamation of the meetings was a wanton exercise of power, that the action of the magistrates was violent and illegal, and the conduct of the police brutal and disorderly. It was no wonder that the hon. member, though his language was generally restrained, broke out here and there into passionate denunciations of the Irish Government, and that he spoke with bitter scorn of the Chief Secretary who went off to enjoy himself at golf and left orders which might have led to the most serious collisions between the police and the people. If Mr. Dillon in his speech was at his best Mr. Balfour in his reply was at his worst. The Chief Secretary can be flippantly smart, keen, and prompt in retort. On this occasion he was flippantly dull and feeble. He hardly attempted to meet the charges made by Mr. Dillon; but astonished even those who are used to his performances by the categorical denials of the statements of the hon. member who was actually in the centre of the affray. The halting, inconclusive, and fiddling reply was heard with impatient scorn by the Opposition, and it excited no enthusiasm among the Tories. Mr. Gladstone pointed out that the Chief Secretary had not met or even touched the graver accusations brought against the Irish officials, and in language at once dignified and emphatic, he demanded an independent inquiry into the whole matter. There has not been in this Session a more effective and thrilling display of debating power than Mr. Gladstone's criticism of Mr. Balfour's defence of his officials.

Mr. W. O'Brien, whose voice was a little husky from his

recent speaking in the open air, supported the demand for inquiry, and made Mr. Balfour's recklessness and inaccuracy positively ludicrous. The Government refused of course the demand for inquiry, but the debate did not pass without the voice of "truth and reason" being heard from the Ministerial side of the House. Captain Bethell in a manly speech declared that no answer had been given to Mr. Dillon, warmly denounced the proceedings of the police, and described the shadowing of people by the police as "damnable." The motion for the adjournment was rejected by a majority of 61.

On Tuesday the Local Taxation—popularly known as the Publicans' Endowment—Bill made a quiet start in Committee. Lord R. Churchill did not appear to move his instruction—the only one in order—and the others were swept out of existence by the decision of the Speaker. The House did not reach till late the hotly-contested portions of the Bill. The first question raised was the allocation of a portion of the new duties for a police superannuation, Mr. H. Fowler missing the omission of the provision in the Bill, and denouncing the whole system of subvention in aid of local rates as pernicious in principle. But the truth is, that county members on both sides are enamoured of these subventions, and Mr. Matthews had no difficulty in refusing to accept Mr. Fowler's proposal, which was rejected by a majority of eighty. Then Mr. P. Acland moved an amendment aimed at the vital portion of the Government Bill, the publicans' compensation scheme. He proposed to allot the money, not to the buying of licences, but to the promotion of technical and intermediate education. The Government would have nothing to do with a proposal which would wreck their own scheme; but the debate on it had hardly begun when progress was reported.

It has long been accepted as in the natural order of things that the centre of political interest should move on Wednesday from St. Stephen's to the various party platforms outside; but the growth of the tendency is another sign of the loosening of the hold of the present Government upon the Parliamentary machine. The few courageous legislators who stayed had the meagre satisfaction of advancing the Infectious Diseases Prevention Bill, and several minor measures.

The House of Commons met on Thursday in a high state of expectation. The meeting of Lord Salisbury's followers at the Carlton was known, and the utmost anxiety existed to learn the intentions of the Government with regard to public business. The curiosity of the House was doomed to disappointment. The refusal of the Conservatives to fall in with Lord Salisbury's proposal had paralysed the Government, and Mr. Smith was not able to make any statement to the House. He was gently pressed by the Front Opposition Bench, more sternly by the Irish members, to give some information as to the plans of the Government; but he resolutely refused to say more than that in the meantime the Publicans' Compensation Bill should be taken from day to day. Mr. Healy wished to move the adjournment of the House, in order to put a little more pressure on the distressed occupants of the Treasury Bench. The Speaker refused to put the motion, on the ground that it was an abuse of the rules of the House, and added quite unnecessarily—and as if he felt that his action was not entirely defensible—that, at whatever risk to himself, he would take that course.

The debate on Mr. Acland's amendment to the first clause of the Local Taxation Bill was resumed, and as it practically involves the application of money for the extinction of brewers, the discussion on it has attained great proportions. Mr. Ritchie made a long, shambling, and laboured defence of the Government proposal. The President of the Local Government Board is, as Mr. Bright once said of Lord Norton, a dull man, and he is incapable of seeing the extent and scope of his own proposal. His whole speech was directed to minimise its importance, and to repudiate the character which the Opposition had given to the Government plan. Though Mr. Ritchie is, or pretends to be, blind to the nature of his own proposal, his party understand it perfectly, and their speeches show that their object is to obtain the recognition of the right of compensation. The most effective and damaging attack on the Government scheme was made by Mr. H. Fowler.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ARBITRATION NO REMEDY.

SIR,—If the trouble over French rights in Newfoundland arise, as many suppose, wholly or chiefly from a dispute concerning the meaning of the treaties, arbitration would probably be the proper method of arriving at a settlement. But the real cause of that trouble is the *existence* of a certain undisputed and indisputable right possessed by the French, whereby the development of the Colony is prevented. From Cape St. John, "northwards about," to Cape Ray—a distance of four hundred miles, and a coast-line of seven hundred—the French have (1) a right to catch cod-fish, (2) to dry them on land, and (3) to "freedom from interruption by the competition of the British."

The French fishery upon the coasts has become so small that the people of Newfoundland do not now complain of actual French fishing and drying operations, but they do most solemnly protest against further submission to the effects produced by the mere existence of the French right of "freedom from interruption." The French claim that, under this provision, they have the right at *any time* to object to *anything* which may interrupt their fishing or drying, and their contention has been upheld in practice by the British naval officers upon the coasts. All grants of land or minerals upon the coast contain the words, "subject to French rights," and the practical effect is to prevent the development, not alone of the resources of the coast, but of the adjacent interior also. Capitalists will not mine the coal, iron, and other minerals discovered near the coasts; farmers will not clear and till the land; and lumbermen will not erect mills and fell timber while every structure they may erect within half a mile of the sea-shore, and every wharf they may build into the water for shipping purposes, is "subject to French treaty rights," and while the French claim that, if they complain of an interruption of their fishing and drying rights by the erection of these structures, they must be removed.

It must be obvious that an arbitration merely to define the meaning of the treaties would not cure the evil here complained of. The utmost such an arbitration could do would be to declare that the "interruption" must amount to an actual interference with some French subject *bond fide* prosecuting the business of fishing and drying. But such a decision would not better the situation one iota, for the question of fact as to whether any particular complaint of such an interruption were well taken or not could only be decided in each case when the question arose, and the mere possibility that at any particular place and time a structure might amount to an interruption, and therefore be removable, would have as paralysing an effect upon the development of the colony as present conditions have. It is quite true that the difficulties of the situation in Newfoundland have recently been accentuated by a dispute as to the right of British and French subjects respectively to take and can lobsters, and that this dispute turns upon the meaning of the treaties, but an arbitration upon this question might make matters worse, and certainly would not make them better. In a despatch to the Governor of Newfoundland, Lord Knutsford has said in effect—(1) that the French have no right to take and can lobsters; but (2) that the British may only take and can them subject to the French right of "freedom from interruption" while catching fish and drying them. If an arbitration were to uphold this contention by the British Government, the position of affairs would be worse than at present. Seven French factories would be closed up, it is true; but forty British factories now constructed would be rendered valueless, for the French, annoyed at the denial of their claim, would capriciously assert a right (1) to fish where British lobster traps were set, (2) to dry fish where British lobster factories were erected, and (3) to freedom from interruption while so fishing and drying, and thereby absolutely prevent the operation of the British factories. Consider, for illustration, the recent trouble in St. George's Bay. The British subjects resident upon the shores of

that bay have for half a century or more lived by farming and fishing conjointly, and depend for a livelihood largely upon the catch of herring, which they salt for export. French vessels entered that bay a few days ago for the purpose of taking herring, and the British fishermen were ordered to remove their nets to make room for the French. Putting aside all remarks upon the indignity wantonly placed upon the people by the fact that the order was given by a French officer, under the guns of a French warship, and also the question as to the right of the French to take bait fishes upon the so-called French coast—for use as bait—in the bank-fishery, and having regard only to the indisputable right of French fishermen to catch fish in St. George's Bay "free from interruption" by British fishermen, is it not apparent that *the continued existence of their admitted right is intolerable*? The settlers need all the herring they can possibly catch, and they need also a guarantee of perpetual freedom from interruption by anybody; but this is a guarantee which only the French have, and so long as the settlers in St. George's Bay are British subjects they will be exposed to annual incursions by French fishermen, unless the French treaty rights be wholly terminated. It is impossible to enumerate in the space at our disposal even one half of the good and substantial reasons which could be adduced against the possibility of settling Newfoundland troubles by arbitration; but if we have made it clear that the effect of the undisputed right of the French to "freedom from interruption" is the real cause of these troubles, it will be apparent, we hope, that a settlement can only be reached by an agreement between Great Britain and France, involving mutual concessions, but based upon the solid foundation of a total extinguishment of the French right complained of. The people of Newfoundland do not deny the existence of French rights. But they say that they are not consistent with present circumstances, that they stand in the way of the development of the Colony, of human progress itself, and are so intolerable that they must be wholly terminated.

J. S. WINTER.

A. B. MORINE.

B. J. SCOTT.

MR. S. SMITH, M.P., AND BIMETALLISM.

SIR,—Permit me as one of those Bimetallists whom you abuse so vigorously in your article of Saturday last to reply in a few words to some of your remarks.

You describe the policy of the United States in enlarging the coinage of silver as a mixture of knavery and folly, and certain to end in a catastrophe. You recommend the United States to abandon silver altogether, and you imply that all civilised countries ought to do the same. You do not say that India ought to adopt a gold currency, but the whole drift of your argument points that way.

Now as to the "dishonesty" of America in adopting a large coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1 of gold, allow me to say—

(1) She is simply returning to the old currency of her country which existed from the foundation of the Republic up to 1873. Till that time gold and silver were alike legal tender for all debts at the ratio of 16 to 1 (since 1834), and the Mint was open to the unlimited coinage of either. Her National Debt was borrowed on that basis, and I hold that dishonesty is more chargeable to those who attempted to compel her to change the contract, and to pay the creditor in gold alone (a greatly appreciated metal) in lieu of the dual standard in which the debt was contracted.

(2) You argue all through the article as if silver had fallen and gold remained unchanged, whereas nothing was established more clearly by the Royal Commission on the currency than that it was gold which had appreciated rather than silver which had declined. It was shown most clearly that, measured by its purchasing power over commodities, silver had remained wonderfully steady since 1873, whereas gold had increased in purchasing power by 40 per cent.

(3) It was further proved that the dislocation between gold and silver was simply the result of the demonetisation of silver and the closing of the Bimetallic Mints to that metal; in other words, the fall of silver measured by gold was *artificially brought about by a change of law*, and was a gross injustice to the debtor class in all countries where gold became the sole standard.

Let me quote this paragraph from the Report signed by all the Commissioners:—

"Now undoubtedly the date which forms the dividing line between an epoch of approximate fixity in the relative value of gold and silver and one of marked instability is the year when the bimetallic system which had previously been in force in the Latin Union ceased to be in full operation; and we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the operation of that system, established as it was in countries the population and commerce of which were considerable, exerted a material influence upon the relative value of the two metals. So long as that system was in force we think that, notwithstanding the changes in the production and use of the precious metals, it kept the market price of silver approximately steady at the ratio fixed by law between them, namely— $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1."

I hold therefore that America in trying to remonetise silver is doing a great service to the cause of honesty and fair play throughout the world. All classes even in this country would gain by it, except the capitalist class and others who draw fixed money payments, such as mortgagees, bondholders, pensionaires, &c., and all trade with silver-using countries, like India, will be greatly benefited. So far from it being true, as you say, that Manchester has not gained by the silver legislation of America, there has been quite a wonderful demand for cloth during the last month or two, and the looms are at present deeply engaged; whereas before the silver legislation was introduced in America there was great depression and a poor demand. It is true that cotton has advanced as much as goods, but that is simply owing to the fact that a great scarcity is anticipated in the autumn, and every man of business knows that in such a case a rise in the manufactured article is always followed by a corresponding rise in the raw material. But I will venture to say you will not find a Manchester man who does not know that a great and permanent rise of the Indian Exchange will be of incalculable advantage to Lancashire trade.

The Indian Exchange has gone up from 1s. 4d. to 1s. $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. in all; and if the action of America should ultimately put silver up to its old rate of 59s. or 60s. per oz. (which I do not expect unless free coinage is adopted) there will be a boom of prosperity in Lancashire such as has not been known in living memory.

I send you a copy of my speech in the House of Commons, which goes more fully into this question than is possible within the limits of a letter.—Yours faithfully,

SAMUEL SMITH.

7, Delahay Street, Westminster, S.W.

10th June, 1890.

A STRANGE COMPARISON.

SIR,—In your editorial "And why 'Blackguards'?" in your issue on May 16th you take Mr. Morris to task for a breach of courtesy in speaking roughly of Oxford "dons" whose hospitality he has received.

Did it ever occur to you that, on a somewhat famous occasion, the Pattern Man accepted from the "dons" of His day a hall, known as the Synagogue of Nazareth, wherein to put forth an individual and unpalatable interpretation of the prophet Esaias? and that He did not thereafter feel constrained to refrain from calling down woes upon the "vipers" and "hypocrites" who, the permission to speak notwithstanding, could in no wise "escape the damnation of hell"; warning the "common people," amongst whom He moved, that unless their righteousness exceeded that of their "blind guides" it would go hard with them?

There is much in this aspect of the character of the Great Exemplar worth study, and it is well to remember that in every age, and amongst all peoples, there are those on whom the "tendency not ourselves" imposes the solemn duty of protesting against the shams of their generation. Disagreeable as the voice may sound, we will yet, if we know what is for our own good, let our answer be "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."—I am, sir, very respectfully,

New York, May 28, 1890.

FRANCIS WATTS LEE.

THE AFRICAN SPHINX.

'MID tawny sands apart she lies,
 Deep as a dream her shadowed eyes—
 O'er folded arms her forehead bowed;
 The piled pomp of thunder-cloud,
 The starry march of midnight skies,
 The blood-red banners of sunrise,
 The desert-wind that wails and dies,
 Pass—and she broodeth, thoughtful-browed,
 'Mid tawny sands.
 O dark brows, sad and sweet and wise!
 O patient lips that agonise!
 Her children moan and cry aloud,
 Age-long with nameless suffering bowed.
 Heedeth she not, who nought replies,
 Mid tawny sands?—

A. W.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
 Friday, June 13, 1890.

WE live in an age of Dispersions. Good things lie all around us as Heaven was once declared to do in our infancy by an optimist. If we have money in our pockets, there is hardly anything, save the respect of our fellow-men, we cannot purchase. It was not always so. Take old books as an example. Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes used not to be for all comers. With what inflated terms does the Rev. T. F. Dibdin discourse on these subjects. Dukes and Earls were their proper custodians. Clerical librarians alone handled them. When at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale Lord Spencer bought two Caxtons for £245, Dibdin records how "his lordship put each volume under his coat and walked home with them in all the flush of victory and consciousness of triumph." To-day you may buy Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes in High Holborn, and take them home with you on the top of an omnibus.

It is the same with pictures, porcelain, armour, wood-carving, and everything else; Libraries, Galleries, Palaces, Castles, are daily giving up their long-cherished, or at all events preserved, treasures, which now go on their way east, west, south, and north,

"Making new hearts beat and bosoms swell."

This is perhaps pleasant for the rich man who can capture a treasure or two and make it his own, but it is not equally so for the poor man whose only chance is looking. For the latter

"Thus hungry, longing thus, without a penny,"

the larger and more famous the collection, the better is his chance of being allowed to see it. There is a point when it becomes selfish to keep the public out; but it is a point not easily reached.

There is only one advantage reaped by the poor man from these frequent and increasing dispersions. He gets the catalogues. There is no better reading to be had anywhere. The leisured pauper can no doubt attend the actual sale, but sales are apt to be as dreary as debates in Parliament. Every now and then there is a fierce moment, but for the most part it is heavy work. Book-sales in particular are melancholy, squalid things. Booksellers are very good fellows in their own shops, but they do not appear to advantage at sales. They are said to resent the intrusion of outsiders. To see them handling the homeless volumes, poor evicted things, and shoving them down the table to a rival buyer, is a sorry sight; and if by any hard chance the books thus roughly held and coarsely violated were once in their totality the library of a friend and the silent witnesses from their cosy corners of his hospitable greetings, it is well-nigh unbearable.

James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," wrote no more strangely effective poem than one called "In a Room," which describes a man lying dead upon his bed, and as the hours go by and no one comes to open the shutters and let in the daylight, the furniture, which is poor and old, begins to talk and wonder what has happened, till at last the bed breaks silence and pronounces its occupant dead.

"At this last word of solemn lore
 A tremor circled through the gloom,
 As if a crash upon the floor
 Had jarred and shaken all the room;
 For nearly all the listening things
 Were old and worn, and knew what curse
 Of violent change death often brings
 From good to bad—from bad to worse;
 They get to know each other well,
 To feel at home and settled down:
 Death bursts among them like a shell
 And strews them over all the town.

There is, we repeat, something melancholy in these dispersions; but it belongs to the nature of things, and in the meantime one has the catalogues.

Scorn not the catalogue; it is sometimes literature. Last month a collection of autograph letters of eminent men was sold in London, and the contents were for the most part set out *in extenso* in the catalogue, which thus became a supplement to many biographies already on our shelves, and a foretaste of others not yet written.

The publication, even in a catalogue, of the letters of living or but recently dead men is to be deprecated, and without the consent of the writer or his executor is (possibly) illegal; but there can be no harm in printing a letter of Jeremy Taylor's written in 1661, and addressed to the Primate of Ireland, even though it reveals the author of "Holy Living" "busy in executing the Lords Justices' warrant for disarming the disaffected Irish," and trying to raise £100 for the Archbishop.

It is amusing to find Addison writing to Mr. Hughes and thanking him most extravagantly for a copy of verses written in commendation of *Cato*, but saying he must deprive his play of the noble ornament. "To tell you truly, I have received other poems upon the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I give any other."

Notwithstanding this, if one turns to one's *Cato*, Mr. Hughes's "noble ornament" will be found figuring at the beginning in company with other verses written by Steele, Young, Eusden, Tickell, Cotes, and Ambrose Philips. The verses by the persons of quality, if they ever existed, are left out. They must have been bad indeed if they were worse than Eusden's, which conclude thus—

"But I in vain on single features dwell,
 While all the parts of the fair piece excel;
 So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
 We know not which to pass or which to taste.
 The shining incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
 Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
 And with variety of gems surprise:
 Here Sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
 The Topaz yellow and the Jasper green,
 The costly Brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
 From numerous surfaces darts trembling light,
 The different colours mingling in a blaze.
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways."

Eusden was Poet Laureate, so nobody need despair. He was also a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, and took orders, and eventually to drink. But he was in his glorious prime when he wrote the above lines.

Turning a page of the catalogue, and from literature to life, Richard Baxter is found writing to Dr. Good, the Master of Balliol, protesting against a passage contained in a book written by the Doctor which made the assertion that all the Nonconformists had their hands stained with the blood of King Charles. Baxter says, "It may be that you know not that an Assembly of Divines (twice met) at Coventre (of whom two Drs and some others are yet living) first sent me into y^e Army to hazard my life (after Naseby fight) agt y^e course which we then first perceived to be designed agt the King and Kingdome, nor what I went through there two yeares, we opposing it and drawing the soldiers off; nor how oft I preached agt Cromwell, the Rump, y^e Engagement, but specially their wars and fasts and thanksgivings; nor what I said to Cromwell for the King (never but twice speaking with him), of which a great Privy Councillour told me but lately, that being an ear witness of it, he had told his Majesty."

From Baxter to Burns is no great jump alphabetically, but it is odd to find exposed for sale in 1890 the familiar letter written by the poet to Dr. Moore, enclosing the terrible "Ode Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald." The letter has been in print, as a note to the ode, for generations, and painfully reveals how invective poetry comes to be written. It wasn't Mrs. Oswald's fault that her funeral procession should have driven Burns and his friend Baillie Whigham one bitter January night from their comfortable quarters and smoking bowl in the inn at Sanquhar twelve miles over the wildest moors and hills in Ayrshire to the inn at New Cumnock. The lady may possibly have been a miserly hunk; but had she lingered on, as the poor soul would doubtless have gladly done, till July, she never would have been cursed in that terrible way by an Immortal. Perhaps, on the whole, it is a mercy great poets are so scarce. You may jostle most of the brood, and drive them over moor and glen, crag and torrent, with impunity. They will curse you, but no one will read their curses.

We soon stumble upon another well-known letter—one of the saddest ever written. It is one written in 1795 by Lady Hesketh describing the awful plight of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. A part of the letter is printed in the catalogue, but more, if not the whole, is to be found in Southey's *Life of the poet*. By 1795 the two for ever associated together in memory and verse had begun to torture one another. "He lives in a constant state of terror that is dreadful to behold. He is now come to expect daily and even *hourly* that he shall be carried off. . . . Can I find room to tell you Mrs. Unwin had another attack the seventeenth of last month? It affected her face and voice only. She is a dreadful spectacle; yet within these two days she has made our wretched cousin drag her round the garden." The picture is intolerable. Lady Hesketh naturally perhaps speaks a little unkindly of Mrs. Unwin, but we ought not to forget, what the stricken poet never did, that it was in his service her health and nerves were shattered.

"And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary."

Writing in 1786 to Lady Hesketh herself, Cowper had said, referring to his illness in 1773, "I believed that everybody hated me, and that Mrs. Unwin hated me most of all. . . . At the same time that I was convinced of Mrs. Unwin's aversion to me, I could endure no other companion. The whole management of me consequently devolved upon her, and a terrible task she had. She performed it, however, with a cheerfulness hardly ever equalled on such an occasion; and I have often heard her say that if ever she praised God in her life it was when she found she was to have all the labour. She performed it accordingly; but, as I hinted once before, very much to the hurt of her constitution." In 1787 Cowper went mad again, and made a most desperate attempt

upon his life. Again Mary Unwin stood alone by the maniac's side. Lady Hesketh was kind to her cousin at the very end of his life, but it is ill to speak harshly of—

"The patient flower
Who possessed his darker hour."

Letters of Hood, Lamb, Dr. Johnson, Thackeray, teeming with character, and all helping to build up our estimate of their delightful characters, lure one on; but it is perhaps better to stop here—a catalogue of other men's wit should not be turned into the record of one's own folly.

A. B.

It is announced that the valuable Acton Library is to be dispersed, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson being responsible for the sale of the first portion, which consists mainly of works of French and Italian history and topography, literature of the northern nations, and a varied theological collection.

REVIEWS.

THE GROWTH OF AN EMPIRE.

DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE IM ZEITRAUME DER GRÜNDUNG DES PREUSSISCHEN KÖNIGTHUMS. Von Hans von Zwiëdick-Südenhorst. Vol. I. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1890.

GERMANY after the Thirty Years' War is so dismal a spectacle that those who write its history, as well as those who read it, are fit objects of compassion. If Mommsen struck work because he could not find six interesting emperors in five centuries of Roman Empire, he would soon have thrown up the task in which Professor Zwiëdick-Südenhorst, of Gratz, has achieved remarkable success. During the forty years after the Peace of Westphalia the nation produced no public man of first-rate ability, and no political action of first-rate importance to Europe. The most memorable event, the deliverance of Vienna, followed by the conquest of Hungary, was brought about by strangers. The country had been the centre of religious interest, and became afterwards the centre of literary interest. The great issue between Protestant and Catholic had been fought out within its frontiers; and the time was coming when Imperial armies would conquer Italy and Belgium, invade Artois and Provence, and impose peace on the Frenchman and the Turk; when one German prince would mount the throne of England, whilst another divided the Empire of Spain. But the triumphs of Eugene were still distant, and when they were won, they did not avail the nation. The burden borne by the Austrian dynasty was beyond its strength, and it could not arrest the progress of political disintegration and decay. The reader, knowing the end to come, sees all things tending towards it. Lunéville and Pressburg cast their shadow before.

The events of 1866 and 1870 have introduced a new philosophy of history. It is perceived that everything was not decline and fall. The empire which was destined to perish was destined to rise again; and the forces which have accomplished its resurrection were active, making and marring, and moulding the future in the seventeenth century. Attention turns from the inefficient and purposeless forms of the old order to the indistinct promise of the new. The Great Elector and greater King have not much more to do with the exploits of Moltke than the Dictum of Kenilworth with the Reform Bill. The true cause of the Empire of the Hohenzollerns lay in this, that Prussia, under oppression, reared a class of administrators so able that Humboldt and Niebuhr were not decidedly the best of them; and that it was found possible to fight Austria and France separately. But if the older policy of Brandenburg did not forge the Empire, it forged the implement that made it, and thus the Elector Frederick William is the centre and the hero of the present volume. Its author—we will treat his name with Horatian reticence—is one of those for whom Sadowa and Sedan shine with retrospective light. All that is worth knowing, in those times, is concentrated in the Elector of Brandenburg, who appears admirable when he avenges the perfidy of Poland with equal perfidy, when, borrowing a dogma from Spinoza, he makes the authority of the government extend as far as its might, and identifies his own honour with the public advantage. The inclination not only to magnify his works but to justify them, is the allowance we have to make, the drawback on the writer's credit. For the rest, he is master of the

accessible materials, and has given an intelligent and interesting account of times which never yet interested the people whose fable is narrated.

It is seven or eight years since he became known, by a work of deeper though not very wide research on the policy of Venice in the German wars. He is now editor of the Stuttgart Historical Review, and director of a series of histories of Germany, in which he has chosen the least grateful epoch for himself. His plan of publication, by eighty pages instead of a volume at a time, may account for such signs of hurry as a difference of ten years in the age of Starhemberg, the defender of Vienna, on two pages very near each other. He believes in the historic saying, "*L'État c'est moi*," which we shall hold for a fable until somebody finds chapter and verse for it. The general effect of the many Viennese volumes provoked by the centenary of 1683, has been to reduce the part and the merit of the Poles. Our Styrian professor, who is not an extreme Austrian patriot, agrees in holding Sobieski cheap, and regrets that the aid of Brandenburg, to be had for its price, was not preferred. He accuses the Sarmatian of vainglory for having retired offended to his tent when the Emperor, at their meeting, only nodded his head to his son. According to the Prince's own diary, the Emperor either did not see him, or was too anxiously reining in his horse to move a hand—"ne ferox ejus sonipes quem ambabus manibus tenebat, si manum ad galerum protendisset ut me salutaret, ipse fugisset." It may be doubted which of the monarchs showed a want of dignity; and the question, like that of the lady and the tiger, might be left to the reader. By way of further rebuking the pride of the victor, we are told that the Turks had never held their ground in the open against Christian armies since Soliman.

An admirer of Prussia is, by the hypothesis, no assessor of freedom. He admires the creation of force, not the provision of securities. It was the mission of absolute monarchy to construct the modern State, leaving to an indefinite future the business of restricting it. The Hohenzollerns were as despotic, as exacting, as ambitious, as any of their rivals; but they employed their resources to distinct purpose, and their subjects were ready for service and for sacrifice, and were proud to be oppressed by princes who knew how to aim so far, and to work such long sums. But when it comes to religion, our author sometimes speaks in a different tone. He describes the Reformation as a struggle for the liberty of conscience, which could only be preserved by the increase of Protestant power and the depression of the Emperor. He sees in the refusal of Austria to renounce persecution the deeper cause of permanent estrangement from Northern Germany, and thinks that it was better to be governed by the Turk than to inhabit the home of the Ultramontane pest. It does not appear that these brave words are to be taken as they stand, for we find farther on that they do not apply to Protestants. Mediaeval persecutions were too recent, religious tyranny was too near, for them to level their defences against Rome. The professor is rather favourable to the Penal Laws; and he praises Mary of Orange for rejecting what he incautiously calls the idea of toleration. In Catholic countries he desires freedom for the minority. In Protestant countries he is content with freedom for the majority. "Nur diese kann bei solchen schweren Erschütterungen in Betracht kommen." Nothing offends the contemporary German more than a vision of States within the State, and obstructive securities hampering and disabling a Government which is presumably most wise, and ought therefore to be most powerful. The language of obsolete religious passions is often no more than the latest expression of pure thought and disinterested calculation.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S LIFE OF NELSON.

HORATIO NELSON AND THE NAVAL SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND. By W. Clark Russell. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1890.

BEFORE all other men of modern times, Nelson must be considered as pre-eminently our national hero. As warrior, strategist or tactician, he may have been equalled by Marlborough or by Wellington; but he differs from them in this—that the force which he led to victory, the force which under him proved itself invincible, was purely national. Other people have a large share in the fame of his great compeers; the glory of Nelson is all our own: their achievements excite our admiration; the memory of Nelson is entombed in our hearts. It is, then, especially provoking that he should have been so unfortunate in his biographers. A really good Life of Nelson does not exist;

and though, in the absence of a better, and notwithstanding its many shortcomings, Southey's has enjoyed a long popularity, we may readily accept Mr. Russell's judgment that "a strong, well-written book on Nelson's career" is a want. Unfortunately for us, as part of the reading public, the book with which Mr. Russell proposes—it would seem—to supply this want, is itself neither strong nor well written.

Mr. Russell is severe, perhaps unnecessarily severe, on the "rude and primitive biographies . . . written very shortly after Nelson's death, crowded with inaccuracies conveyed in the diction of Grub Street, and plainly designed at the time to serve as catch-pennies." Similar biographies of great men, written very shortly after their death, or even before their death, are not quite unknown to the present generation, and their general worthlessness may be assumed; but we may point out that one of the Lives of Nelson which Mr. Russell includes in this category was written in accordance with the special request of one of Nelson's most intimate friends, who supplied much of the material. With that, however, we are not now concerned; it is more to our present purpose to show that just as the lapse of time and the maturity of knowledge have given him more opportunities, so Mr. Russell's condemnation of the works of his predecessors must press with increased weight on himself, for his work also is "crowded with inaccuracies conveyed in the diction of"—all others the most unsuited to a Life of Nelson; and if the older biographies are to be classed as "catch-pennies," we should like to ask what term is now to be applied to a book, written to a publisher's order, without any exact knowledge or critical understanding of the subject it professes to treat of. The author's familiarity with certain phases of nautical life seems only to bring into stronger relief his ignorance of the navy, of naval history, and—above all—of the art of naval war. It is thus, presumably because he has heard naval officers, in moments of exuberant petulance, speak disparagingly of the Board which administers naval affairs, that he has thought himself justified in stating, in a book professing to be historical, and to embody the results of latest research,—“Honourables and Right Honourables, Lordlings, pimps' protégés, led Captains' favourites,—these and the like of these obtained recognition, encouragement, employment; but the son of an humble country parson must be without influence.” Yet Mr. Russell must have known that from 1783 to 1793 was a time of peace and reduction; that very few ships were in commission, and that Nelson commanded one of them for four years. We now may think that Nelson then, or at any other time, ought to have had whatever he asked for; but all that the Admiralty—as such—knew of him in 1788, was that they had been obliged to censure him on a point of discipline, and that his excess of zeal had got them into hot water with the West Indian merchants. There could not appear any reason to prefer him over the heads of the many officers of good repute, who were as desirous as Nelson of being on full pay. When war broke out, and Hood, who knew Nelson as a man of energy and character, was nominated to the command in the Mediterranean, he was at once appointed to a ship, whose name of *Agamemnon* he was to render famous.

Conscious, it may be, of his weakness in the detail of operations of war, Mr. Russell prefers to rely on his portraits of sea effects. Here is one, describing the appearance of the Spanish fleet on the morning of the battle off Cape St. Vincent:—

"The dawn broke thick, and the sea lay shrouded to a near horizon; but at about a quarter past eight o'clock the fog lifted and disclosed the Spanish fleet on the weather bow, a noble spectacle of huge ships, one of them a four-decker, the largest vessel then afloat; their milk-white canvas towering in spires, their sides grinning with battery upon battery, and the light of the misty sun coming off in wet sparkles from their leviathan sides as they rolled."

It is rather a down-come from all this grandeur to have to point out that the Spanish fleet was not disclosed at "about a quarter past eight," but at "forty-nine minutes past ten;" and then was not seen on the weather bow, but in two divisions, one of which was on the lee bow. When the battle begins, "Nelson," we are told, "is the one conspicuous figure in that scene of roaring ordnance, of banks of powder-smoke smitten by the red flashes of murderously plied batteries, of falling spars, of the shrieks of the dying and the wounded, and the stormy huzzas of the English sailors wrestling half-naked at their guns." As a reward for all which, "for his services on 'the most glorious Valentine's Day,'" Nelson "was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue." Mr. Russell apparently does not know that then, as now, promotion to flag rank was a matter of seniority, not of favour or distinction. That is perhaps excusable; what, in a biographer of Nelson, is not excusable, is his not knowing that his hero was promoted on

the 20th of February, six days after Valentine's Day—long before the news of the battle reached England—and then as one in the middle of a large batch.

We have quoted Mr. Russell's description of the morning of St. Valentine's Day: as a piece of graphic portraiture, that of the evening of the 1st of August, 1798, should be placed alongside it:—

"One after another," he says, "the British battle-ships took up their positions, receiving broadsides plump into their bows from the enemy, with a simultaneous flying of colours on both sides streaming like flames of fire amid the satin-white bodies of powder-smoke floating up from the tall and bristling sides of the Frenchmen. . . . At seven it was as black as midnight. . . . But the incessant flashings of the guns made crimson the heavens, and amid the blood-red dimness of the smoke of the conflict the towering fabrics of the contending vessels loomed in giant proportions. . . . It was about ten minutes after nine that *L'Orient* was observed to be on fire. . . . Shortly after ten the great ship blew up. The explosion was that of an earthquake. The concussion swept through every seam, timber, and joint of the nearest ships, with the sensation as though the solid fabrics were crumbling into staves under the feet of the seamen. The air was filled with blazing masses of rigging and timber, shot to an immense height, descending in gigantic javelins of flame, and piercing the water with the hissing as of an electric storm of hail, followed by blinding clouds of steam. The sight was blackened as by a lightning stroke, and the instant the prodigious glare of the explosion had passed, the darkness of the night seemed to roll down in folds of ink upon the vision of the seamen."

In presence of these "gigantic javelins of flame," of these "folds of ink rolling down upon the vision," it is almost impertinent to ask why the sides of a French ship should "bristle," when—as we are told before—the sides of a Spanish ship "grinned"; and it is absurdly commonplace to say that—as matter of fact—the British ships, in taking up their position, did *not* receive broadsides plump into their bows. But artists are not to be limited by such narrow considerations; and Mr. Russell uses, if he does not actually claim, the same licence as Turner, who in his picture of Trafalgar has jumbled up events that happened at 11 h. 40 m. a.m., at 1 h. p.m., and 5 h. p.m., with events that never happened at all, and assigned them to a *Victory* lying in Portsmouth harbour many years afterwards. We must not be understood as comparing Mr. Russell's work with Turner's, except in its extreme inaccuracy; in respect of that, Mr. Russell's takes the first place. That such a book should have been put forward, under respectable auspices, as a *Life of Nelson*, is almost of the nature of a public calamity. The only consolation—small as it is—is that it is half American in its inception.

THREE VIEWS OF THE GOSPELS.

1. THE HISTORIC RELATION OF THE GOSPELS. By the Rev. J. J. Halcombe, M.A., Rector of Balsham. London: Walter Smith & Innes. 1889.
2. THE COMPOSITION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS: A CRITICAL ENQUIRY. By the Rev. Arthur Wright, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.
3. THE FIRST THREE GOSPELS: THEIR ORIGIN AND RELATIONS. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. (Series of Biblical Manuals, edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A.) London: Sunday School Association. 1890.

THESE three most recent contributions to the criticism of the Gospels form an instructive group. Each of them represents a distinct school of religious thought among us, and displays all the faults, as well as the virtues, of its methods. Mr. Carpenter's is the most informing of the three, yet also the most misleading. Mr. Wright's is at once the most vague in its conclusions and the most stimulating in its principles. Of the learning and industry of Mr. Halcombe's we desire to speak with the highest respect, but his method of argument is, in our opinion, as wrong as it could possibly be.

Mr. Halcombe is a conservative, with a strong contempt for the whole range of modern criticism. He begins with seeking to show cause why a new trial should be granted in face of the critics' unanimous judgment that John's gospel is of later date than the first three. With one leap he goes back to the position of Tertullian that John's and Matthew's gospels, being those of Apostles, must be of earlier date and more reliable authority than Mark's and Luke's. Having begun with this large assumption, he continues the habit. He assumes that gospels must have come before Epistles. He assumes that a gospel with a theological intention, like John's, must have preceded in date one which simply sought to give a record of facts, like Mark's; whereas most people agree with Mr. Wright that the opposite order is the reasonable one. He assumes that each of the gospels is by the author who is assigned to it, and that everything in each gospel is equally

correct. And, finally, he assumes that second-century Fathers must know more than nineteenth-century critics, and defies us to prove the contrary. We only add one of the real arguments, which interrupt this happy process of taking for granted. Even it rests on an assumption—that Ezekiel's double vision of the four living creatures is a prophecy of the four evangelists. In Ezekiel's first vision the first living creature has the face of a man, in his second the face of a cherub. On which Mr. Halcombe remarks—"That, of the four Gospels, St. John is the only one which fulfils these conditions, will, I think, be obvious. It represents the incarnation of Jesus as symbolised by the man, and the divinity of Jesus as symbolised by the cherub." *Ergo*, John's gospel is the earliest. After this as an instance of what Mr. Halcombe calls the "obvious," few students will care to read further with him.

Mr. Wright is of a very different school from Mr. Halcombe. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of English theological literature at present is the acceptance, by divines who may fairly be called orthodox and evangelical in doctrine, of advanced positions of Biblical criticism. With undiminished faith in the supernatural character of the events recorded in Scripture, they entertain a very honest appreciation of the natural and fallible character of the record itself. They believe in the unique inspiration of Israel, in prophecy, in miracle, in the incarnation of our Lord, His Atonement and Resurrection, as much as the most stringent upholder of the literal infallibility of the Bible, but a critical examination of Scripture has convinced them that we have not a perfectly accurate or consistent narrative of those sacred facts. This is not to destroy faith, as the literalists assert. It is indeed to render faith more difficult. But to be rendered more difficult has not proved in history disadvantageous to religious faith, which, on the contrary, has rather gained both in strength and in purity in proportion as it has been made independent of a mechanical literalism, or other scholastic theories of inspiration. It is a frank, courageous, reverent appreciation of this, which renders Mr. Wright's "Critical Enquiry" so stimulating. Though he agrees with conservative critics in dating all the Synoptic Gospels before 80 A.D., he admits facts about them which completely destroy any theory of their verbal accuracy. For instance, Matthew's gospel he does not believe to have been by Matthew at all, but by a scribe of the church of Jerusalem, at six or seven removes of oral tradition from Mark, who received his gospel at the lips of St. Peter. He admits, not only that in Matthew we are on "less historical ground" than in Mark, but that the author of Matthew deliberately altered Christ's words for theological purposes. And still he holds Matthew's gospel to be "the most deservedly valued of all," because "spiritual truth is higher than history, and the glory of the later gifts of the Spirit is greater than that of the former." It is exceedingly refreshing to find a man so full of experience of the moral force of his religion, and trust in the continued activity of the Divine Spirit in her teachers, that he is able to continue his faith in her along with the most honest acceptance of the results of the criticism of her records. But in order to make his conclusions as convincing as they are encouraging, Mr. Wright ought to have first of all answered a number of questions which he has entirely ignored: as, for instance, how far so historical a religion as Christianity can be independent of an accurate record of the facts on which she is based, and whether the spiritual force of a gospel is not impaired for us by our knowledge of its deliberate alteration for theological purposes of the original sayings of Jesus. Mr. Wright, it is true, affirms that, apart from the record of Scripture, we have sufficient evidence of the facts of which Christianity is the herald to men. The proof of the Incarnation, he says, lies in the history of the Christian Church; "the Resurrection is the natural consummation of Christ's life;" the Holy Spirit in our hearts is the "crowning gift," that is, of testimony to the truths which Scripture presents. All this is true, and does render our faith more or less independent of absolute accuracy in Scripture. But Mr. Wright betrays his vagueness with regard to the whole case—his imperfect grasp even of those principles which give his book the robustness it undoubtedly has—by his incontinent substitution of the authority of the Church for the infallible Scripture he has destroyed. This is his final appeal—to the Church as "the keeper and witness of Holy Writ." It is a favourite appeal with many divines of the High Church school, who think they see in the abandonment of the infallibility of Scripture the disappearance of the most formidable rival to the authority of the Church. But the appeal is distinctly illegitimate. The testimony of the Church to the Bible can only be based on the Bible's own inherent spiritual force and the effect of its influence on history. And while the witness of the saints of all ages to the inspiration of Holy Writ is a witness of which any common Christian will be both proud and fond, the Bible must finally approve itself to him

just as it did to them—by virtue of its own reasonableness and spiritual force.

Mr. Estlin Carpenter's manual is written from the standpoint of a dogma—the dogma which denies the divinity of Jesus and the reality of the miraculous in His life. In consequence of this, naturalistic explanations are offered of all the miracle-stories, even at the cost of violating the text, and the great spiritual problems of the gospels are ignored. The method by which Mr. Carpenter seeks to discredit the historical accuracy of a narrative may be judged by the following instance. To the feeding of the five thousand John makes Jesus pass at once from the cure of the man at the pool in Bethesda. "From there 'Jesus went away to the other side of the lake of Galilee'—a description which would have been natural enough if he had set out from Capernaum, but is hardly more appropriate geographically than to speak of going from Manchester to the other side of Windermere. Does it not show that the writer, in adapting his older materials, is not so much concerned with historical or local accuracy as with the portrayal of the central thought—the unceasing activity of the divine Word in Jesus?" But surely there is no "local inaccuracy" here. "The other side" was a technical name, and as naturally employed in Judea as in Galilee. But this is a trifle compared with Mr. Carpenter's consistent ignoring of one of the great moral problems of the teaching of Jesus and of Hebrew prophecy—the expiation for sin. An atonement for sin may or may not be a true idea, but there is no doubt among scholars that it formed the climax of the prophecies which (as Mr. Carpenter admits) moulded our Lord's conception of His mission; that it also formed part of the Baptist's testimony to Him, which was founded on these prophecies, and that Jesus Himself taught it. But in discussing the prophecy of the suffering servant of the Lord in Isaiah, whose office culminates in atoning for sin, Mr. Carpenter leaves his readers to imagine that the servant was presented only as a prophet and a martyr. Again, on the Baptist's word, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," Mr. Carpenter remarks: "Not, be it observed, by way of atonement for guilt, but as the purifying and consecrating power which removes the evil by dispersing it and driving it for ever from our sight." Where are we to observe this? All observation leads to an opposite conclusion. The idea of atonement may be a right or wrong one, but that it is this idea which is present to the Baptist's mind is surely most "observable" to those who know the whole associations to a Jewish mind of such a phrase as "the Lamb of God." And will it be believed that on the place of sin and its atonement in our Lord's own teaching, all that Mr. Carpenter has to say is that "the thought might even flash across His mind that He might make His life an offering for His people's sins"? So wholesale an elimination of the idea of expiation from our Lord's own consciousness is utterly unhistorical, even on the principles of the most grudging criticism of the gospels. But in truth Mr. Carpenter touches none of the great moral problems of the three gospels he discusses. On the historical and critical sides, his volume is full of learning. What Christ owed to His contemporaries, how the gospels are related, the meaning of technical terms—such subjects are thoroughly well treated. There is in particular an interesting discussion of the term "Son of Man," in which, however, we do not think that Mr. Carpenter makes out his thesis that "the Son of Man" was the title not of an individual, but of a new and longed-for era. But as a whole the book is very far from being an adequate treatment of the higher part of its subject, on which, indeed, by its silence and subversion, it is often most misleading.

A NATIONAL ACADEMY.

ROYAL ACADEMY ANTICS. By Harry Furniss. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1890.

THERE is no reason why Mr. Furniss and others should not hammer away at the Royal Academy, till the Academicians are ashamed of their past, and do away with the abuses "Royal Academy Antics" indicates. Possibly some day Mr. Furniss will get the humble press-man the glass of sherry and the sandwich he pleads for, and will persuade the ideal Associate that his works are so striking that they require an exhibition to themselves. Many similar reforms might be instituted: for instance, in mere fairness to the hanging committee, the names of the exhibitors who are personal friends of the Academicians should have P. F. printed after them in the catalogue; and Sculpture would at last do something for London, if the hundred and eighty examples of that art went down-stairs, and the refresh-

ments came up in their place. We are disposed to treat Mr. Furniss seriously, for as caricaturist and wit he is a failure. Some of his sketches are clever, but there is nothing to laugh at between the dedication and page 84. It is true that the solitary joke of the letter-press is a good one, but, placed at page 18, it comes too early to sustain the weight of the book. Mr. Furniss is a little too conscientious. He has dug up ancient records, and raked over old scandals, but all he has to chronicle is a gloomy improvement. He has examined the private lives of departed R.A.'s without finding they were much worse than they are now. On the other hand, he has discovered to his surprise that an institution of artists is as liable to error as any other institution, and that its members can at times do a little jobbery as neatly as the members of any other profession. There is no reason why Mr. Furniss should not warn the Academicians of their sins, but he does not stop there. He wants "a National Academy, a Commonwealth of Art, presided over by a State Minister of Fine Art, in which mediocrity will find no space, till a welcome and a place have been given to all earnest work, regardless of its nature." He tells us that "the sea of talent has risen rapidly, and now beats against the walls of Burlington House," and that what we want is a "National Temple of Art, worthily representing in each of its various forms all the artistic talent of this great country."

If Mr. Furniss had confined himself to saying that the Salon probably encourages the outsider more than does the Royal Academy—inasmuch as the committee of selection is elected by the body of the exhibitors—we should have little fault to find with him; but the remarks quoted above show that, whether or not he dislikes humbug, as his dedication states, he has no aversion to claptrap. Truly a nice place that same National Temple of Art would be, where artists in black and white, and all other "artists," are to be admitted! State Socialism is a far less alarming monster than State Art. Either your State Minister will be (like catholic Mr. Furniss) a disliker of "pictures of nasty dirty people in the most approved French taste," with a preference for "the limelight of Turner's magnificence" (*sic*), or he will be an impressionist who believes that a painter should end where most people think he should begin. For heaven's sake let us avoid mixing up the State and Art, and the State and Literature; for the history of this inartistic people shows how disastrous a step it is. What a monstrous absurdity for our water-colourists to be assisted pecuniarily by a nation that has not the taste to buy their works, or for Walt Whitman to be voted public money by the men who privately consider his works immoral! But, fortunately for Art and Literature, State patronage and pensions have always fallen to the lot of the mediocre; and experience shows us that, whatever becomes of talent, genius nearly always struggles through. It is ridiculous to expect that your State could ever welcome a Corot or a Millet with open arms, when Corot and Millet can only slowly educate their countrymen up to the point of understanding them. The fact is, Socialism in Art, if it appears, will turn out to be the short cut that means a long way round. "But, bless me, why should I trouble myself offering suggestions to the present Royal Academy? This will all be right when the R.A. is a thing of the past, and we have a National Academy, managed by the State, for the people, and for Art in general," says Mr. Furniss, cheerily. Doubtless he will be able to write N.A. after his name when the State takes Turner's water-colours out of the national cellars—but not before.

We are disposed to be a little hard on Mr. Furniss; for in his preface he states that if he fails to make the Royal Academy appear ridiculous, he may bring ridicule on himself. This admission may seem innocent enough, but it brought ridicule on a third person, for it led him to the Academy. It is extraordinary how difficult it is for the lover of art to avoid Burlington House. One year brings you there by accident; the next, a friend's picture; and the next, an enemy's. So, to decide the point whether Mr. Furniss or the Royal Academy was the more ridiculous, a critic went. Three things struck him. First, that if, as Mr. Furniss says, a sea of talent beats against the walls of Burlington House, it has certainly not found its way up-stairs; nor is it to be found in the Grosvenor nor the New Gallery. Second, that if the hanging committee did their duty they ought to have boarded off half the rooms, on the ground that they had too much space for the good work sent in; and, third, that the two thousand "works of art" reflected in a most marvellous way the tastes, feelings, pursuits, and calibre of the people who came to look at them.

It is this last point that we wish Mr. Furniss would emphasize, if ever he adds a dislike of claptrap to his dislike of humbug, and learns to hammer away, not at the Royal Academy, but at the British public. Let him recognise that at present we are

artistically, perhaps, the most hopeless people in Europe. Let him allow that in begetting the American and the Australian nations the English have dealt the heaviest blow that Art has received for centuries. Let him admit that neither in the upper, nor in the middle, nor in the lower classes is there one per cent. with a keen sense of the beautiful in Literature and in Art. When he concedes this, he will be in the position of the average Englishman who, to do him justice, realises his weak spot sufficiently to be dumb on matters of taste. Then let him turn to Crome and Cox and Constable, and those of the true English school, and rejoice that out of the strong comes forth sweetness.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. BEATRICE. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.
2. THE QUALITY OF MERCY. By Harold Vallings. Two Volumes. London: Gardner & Co. 1890.
3. WITH FIRE AND SWORD. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.
4. CONCEALED FOR THIRTY YEARS. By Edward Grey. London: Remington & Co. 1890.

IT is, perhaps, a little strange that authors who have nothing new, forcible, or satisfactory to say on the problems of religion and who would hesitate to undertake a work devoted exclusively to their discussion, should see no impropriety in talking freely of them in the pages of a novel. It is the fault of the public rather than of the authors. The public was interested in the agnostic, but cared nothing for the dry bones of logic or for polemical theology. The agnostic, or the believer, of fiction, had to be superficial to be palatable. The public set the fashion, and Mr. Rider Haggard was only following it when he wrote "Beatrice." And in the mysterious communication of thought between the hero and the heroine the influence of fashion may again be traced. The story would be pathetic, and its chief fault lies in a want of spontaneity and ease; which spoils the pathos, just as in some of his previous work it prevented the comic characters from being in any way amusing. Nowhere is the appearance of effort and artificiality more noticeable than in those passages where the author devotes himself to fine writing. There is much in the book that is inartistic, commonplace, and melodramatic. The hero, however skilfully the author may try to disguise the fact, is not a really strong character; and the child is not childlike. These are the principal faults of the story.

On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that the larger number of readers will be deeply interested by "Beatrice," however conscious they may be of the weak points of the book. It is true that Mr. Rider Haggard has devoted a certain number of pages to disquisitions of no particular depth or novelty on certain religious questions, but he has not committed the mistake of making them the main interest in the book. He has a story to tell, and he frequently shows strong dramatic power in the telling. It is a sad story; it begins sadly and ends sadly. We will not give a sketch of the plot; but we may say that it is not a book of mere adventures, and that its scenes are in England and Wales. In some respects it is better than his previous stories. Certainly two of the characters are more life-like and less book-like than anything he has given us before. But will Mr. Rider Haggard give us a new fashion? The world was not crying out for elephants and adventures when he published his earlier books. At the present moment we do not ask him to revert to the elephants, nor do we want religious problems, or thought transference, or hypnotism. We want a good, original novel, that shall leave this beaten track; and we believe it would not be less popular than the elephant stories were of yore.

"The Quality of Mercy" is a spirited and vigorous work, full of life and interest. Entire originality is a gift of riper years, and we should not say that the author of this book was aged. At any rate we were disappointed to find in the same volumes that contained so much that was really original and strong, a certain amount of fidelity to some old bad methods. The author depicts love and hatred of a greater intensity than are common in a phlegmatic nation and the nineteenth century; and if we grant that such passions can exist, we must allow that the tragedy which here follows upon them is only their logical outcome. But in the description of the incidents we find these occasional touches of the conventional, which bring the tragedy perilously near to melodrama. We may point out too that on one occasion Mrs. Reeks, and on another the cynical Randolph Fitz-Urse are witty with a wit which is neither of themselves, nor of the author;

and that we are utterly weary of the vicious black mare, and of its inevitable subjugation by the hero. The story deals with the struggle between mercy and a rigid conception of honour. It is especially noticeable for its spirit, as we have already mentioned. The interest commences with the first chapter, and never droops. The characters, with one or two exceptions, are life-like and well drawn.

Altogether, this is a most promising book; it ranks above the average novel of the day, and we prefer it to certain recent works by writers who have a much wider reputation. We shall look forward with pleasure to future work from this author.

The mere novel-reader may well quail before 776 pages of somewhat complicated historical romance. "With Fire and Sword" is a translation of "Ogniem i Mieczem," the first of a series of three works, and the only one of the three which has yet been translated into English. The greatest difficulty to the English reader lies in the abundance of difficult proper names. It is hard to identify oneself, as one always should, with the hero of a novel, and to be fully in sympathy with him, when it is impossible to pronounce—or even to mispronounce—his name. The translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, seems to feel for the weakness of those who are ignorant of the Polish tongue, if we may judge from the following foot-note:—"The author uses Skshetuski, the family name of the hero, oftener than Yan, his Christian name, prefixing Pan=Mr. in both cases. I have taken the liberty of using Yan oftener than Skshetuski because more easily pronounced in English." We gather from some notes on pronunciation at the end of the volume, that even the form Skshetuski is a concession; the Polish form is Skrzetuski, which Mr. Curtin allows to be very difficult. It will irritate some readers to find these notes at the end of the book; they will have been accenting the name Bogun on the first syllable throughout the whole length of the story, their mistake being probably due to false analogy with the English pop-gun, and they will find in these notes that it should be accented on the last. There are not enough foot-notes for the requirements of an ordinary reader, but there was no necessity to repeat one of them twice. The English of the translation is on the whole satisfactory and readable. It is, perhaps, inevitable that in a translation, especially in a translation of such length, there should be some awkward and impossible phrases. An alteration in the arrangement of the words is often all that is required. For instance, "I want awfully to eat something" is not the usual order in English.

Pan Yan, or Skshetuski, or Skrzetuski—the reader can select his own degree of difficulty—fell in love with Princess Helena Kurtsevichovna. But although his love-story and his rivalry with Bogun form part of the subject of the book from beginning to end, they do not form the most important part. The book is really a study of a period in Polish history, and will be of the most interest to those who read it with some previous knowledge of the period. It is full, however, of wonderful and realistic description of the exciting incidents of warfare, and of keen insight into human nature and motives. To appreciate it thoroughly requires a little special knowledge; but it is by no means without interest to ordinary readers.

Mr. "Edward Grey" suffered shipwreck, and was thrown upon an island in the Pacific. He found there an English colony, governed indefinitely by a mysterious person who was sometimes called the law and sometimes the counsellor, and by certain laws made by the original founders. The island was called Solterra by its inhabitants, who spoke not the English of 1630—when the island was originally founded—nor the English of the nineteenth century. Their special dialect seems to have been derived from an imperfect recollection of Spenser and the Bible. Put the termination "ment" on to the end of every noun; make the verbs end in "en" whenever you happen to think of it; completely overwork such words as "natheless" and "sith"; occasionally indulge in such vagaries as the writing of "emersion" when you happen to mean "immersion," and you will get a fair conception of the dialect of the inhabitants of Solterra. The dialect is irritating; and the story is dull, utterly dull, and never more dull than when it is struggling to be humorous. One instance will show how bright the inhabitants of Solterra were:—

"The worth of a fair lady's credit," replied Hugh, slowly, "becomes our credit by her worth—be that it, or be it that . . . that it be but becoming to a fair lady's worthy credit—I know not, for I be confused with a great confusement."

"Then if thy mind be thus, prithee infuse us not with thy confusement," said Charles.

Mr. "Edward Grey" has called his book "Concealed for Thirty Years"; during thirty years a vow prevented him from recording the incidents—or want of incidents—which it contains. We learn that in Solterra there were no novels. Happy Solterra!

ACROSS AUSTRALIAN WASTES.

AUSTRALIA TWICE TRAVERSED. By Ernest Giles. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

THE north-western quarter of the Australian continent is still, for the most part, a *terra incognita*. This may be a comfort to ambitious explorers, who complain that the wilds of Africa are being exhausted; but they will hardly gain much encouragement from Mr. Giles's experience, as narrated in the volumes before us. The latter contain the record of five journeys—the first two of which were abortive attempts to reach the West Coast overland, from the Colony of South Australia. The first of these journeys did not extend very far, Mr. Giles being forced to return by the defection of his companion, and the impossibility of proceeding alone. In the second, he reached longitude 126° E., but his progress was barred by the waterless waste of Gibson's Desert, in which one member of the expedition perished. Several of the horses died of thirst and exhaustion, others had to be killed for food, and the three surviving explorers returned to Adelaide in July, 1874, after terrible sufferings, without accomplishing their object.

It was now fully recognised that an attempt to cross the continent with horses only was foredoomed to failure. The camel had, some time before this, been introduced into Australia by Sir Thomas Elder, who had a large number of these animals on his station at Beltana, South Australia. Through his liberality, a new expedition was equipped, which safely accomplished the journey from Port Augusta to Perth in six months. The return route was a different and somewhat longer one, but Mr. Giles was back in Adelaide by September 20th, 1876.

The camels—Mr. Giles took twenty-two, and no horses—were a complete success, as far as their powers of endurance were concerned. These were put to a severe test, as the caravan, on one occasion, marched for seventeen days without finding any water; but only three were lost, and these from other causes.

The plagues encountered are too many to enumerate. There seem to be tracts of tolerable grass-land here and there, and the valleys of the Musgrave and Rawlinson ranges are both beautiful and fertile; but, as a whole, the country traversed offers no facility to settlers. After all, it seems only fair that the aborigines should be left in undisturbed possession of a land where they can live, and the white man cannot.

It will thus be seen that, taken as a whole, Mr. Giles's book is not of an exhilarating character. Yet he is by no means a pessimistic traveller, and contrives to be very cheerful over his misfortunes, at any rate in the retrospect. Compiled from old diaries, his work is necessarily of a somewhat scrappy character, and difficult to read straight through, though full of interesting information. Were it not that the poor fiction-monger has lately received so solemn and terrible a warning from the irate Mr. Runciman (we had previously thought that he was free, like Molière, *de prendre son bien partout où il le trouve*, to utilise suggestions from Herodotus, Hakluyt's Voyages, or to-day's newspaper), we should confidently recommend "Australia Twice Traversed" as a perfect gold-mine of hints and "properties." What might not be done with a weird mountain of red conglomerate, which looks, from a certain point of view, like "the backs of several monstrous kneeling, pink elephants?" That there may be no mistake about it, Mr. Giles gives us a picture of this mountain—Mount Olga—which certainly bears out his description. There are many other things we should like to quote, concerning "lowans" and their eggs, and hornets, and building rats, and the way in which the black-fellows get water from the roots of certain mallee-trees—the principle whereof no man knoweth save themselves—were there space to do so. The aborigines seem to be fairly numerous in this part of the country—though it is hard to imagine how they live—and by no means so low in the scale as the earlier ethnologists would have us believe. Mr. Giles saw some who were tolerably good-looking, and a number of children who were positively beautiful. It has been suggested that the parent stock of the Australian race has its home in the western coast ranges, where the Swan and other rivers take their rise.

So much for the matter of this book: as for the manner, we fear we must say it is wholly bad. Mr. Giles has an inveterate weakness for miscellaneous quotations which, in number, character, and general appositeness, recall those of Mr. Richard Swiveller. Sometimes we fail to recognise the quotation, and wonder

whether, like another old friend, he is given to "dropping into poetry" on his own account. Moreover, he is given to a kind of facetiousness which may pass in familiar conversation—though even then it becomes intolerable beyond a certain point—but is unspeakably exasperating in print. A want of literary finish and experience is certainly not a crime in a man whose life has been one of action; but alas! such men, not content to tell their story in a straightforward, unaffected way, think it necessary to try and emulate the style of a third-rate war-correspondent—with the most awful results. Or is it that the simple, unpretending narrative of a Dampier or a Defoe is really an achievement of the highest art—or else a special inspiration of the gods, granted only to the few?

TWO DICTIONARIES.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. xxii. Glover—Gravet. London: Smith, Elder & Co. CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA: A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE. New edition. Vol. v. Friday—Humanitarians. London and Edinburgh: William & Robert Chambers.

IT frequently happens that a volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is overrun by some hardy clan, generally Scotch, which, by getting a footing in some branch of the public service, has managed to quarter its members on the nation during their lives, and on the biographical dictionaries after their deaths. No fewer than three such invasions have flooded Vol. xxii. with Gordons, Grahams, and Grants. Among a mass of military and naval mediocrity, nevertheless, the names of "Chinese" Gordon, Peter the Great, Patrick Gordon, the Baronet of Netherby, the late Master of the Mint, and Sir William Grant, shine forth with distinguished lustre. All have been fortunate in their biographers, especially the hero, whose memoir by Colonel Veitch is the best in the volume, or only rivalled by Mr. Sidney Lee's Gower and Mr. Leslie Stephen's Goldsmith. Godolphin and William Godwin, also by Mr. Stephen; Earl Godwin, by the Rev. William Hunt; Henry Grattan, by Mr. Barker; George Henry Gordon Earl of Aberdeen; and the eccentric Lord George Gordon are among the most important of the remaining articles, and their execution, as well as that of the volume in general, leaves little to desire.

The fifth volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* confirms the reputation of the work as a good deal more than a mere digest of knowledge. The articles have in many instances a decidedly original stamp, and savour strongly of the personality of the writers. Especially, as might be expected, is this the case with the article on Homer, contributed by no less a person than Mr. Gladstone, who alone assumes the privilege of speaking in the first person. Adhering to his previous view that Homer wrote before the Dorian migration, he is flatly contradicted by Professor Jevons, whose articles on Greece and Herodotus are among the best in the volume; though we may think that the later Greek literature deserved a fuller treatment. Want of fulness is by no means a usual fault, while the prevailing conciseness is most exemplary. The care taken to provide qualified specialists is sufficiently evinced in most instances by the names of the writers; thus Goethe is allotted to Professor Dowden, Geology and Glacial Period to Professor Geikie, Geography to Mr. Keltie, Hieroglyphics to Mr. Budge, Hospitals to Florence Nightingale. The general impartiality of the articles deserves high praise, dealing, as is so frequently the case, with controverted questions. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Gladstone" and Sir W. F. Butler's "Gordon" are instances to the point. An erroneous or questionable statement may be detected here and there. Platen had little in common with "Young Germany." Things much more serious than "errors" were alleged against Warren Hastings. Mr. Mulhall's political economy may be sound, but his denial of the applicability of the term "wealth" to gold and silver will amaze the average reader. The average calibre of this latter important personage has hardly been sufficiently considered by the writers on philosophical subjects, whose thoughts are clearer than their diction. The same defect of obscure terminology somewhat mars a remarkable article on "Hell," which ranks along with Mr. Sutherland Black's essay on the Gospels as among the ablest in the volume. Other theological articles, such as those on the Greek Church, and the Popes Gregory, seem less exempt from bias, but tend to neutralise each other. The maps and illustrations are of the usual excellence.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In a little volume of scarcely more than a hundred pages, Mr. E. Belfort Bax has attempted to tell "The Story of the French Revolution" from the point of view of modern Socialism. Mr. Bax does not, of course, pretend to have brought within such compass anything in the nature of an adequate exposition of the great political, social, and intellectual issues involved in the struggle. The book is intended primarily for young students who are anxious to get at the facts, and to do so without any waste of time. The book is written with clearness, and occasionally with force, but some of its statements seem to us inadequate and one-sided, and the final chapter, in our judgment, is the weakest part of a fairly well-written but by no means brilliant book.

The author of the well-known "Short History of India" has just eclipsed that performance—at all events so far as conciseness is concerned—by writing what we imagine is the shortest history of our Indian Empire on record. The little book—it only contains one hundred and twenty-five boldly printed pages—forms the latest and certainly not the least welcome addition to the familiar "history primers" of Messrs. Macmillan. The young student—for whose enlightenment we presume such works are intended—is offered a homœopathic dose of history, but the result is hardly satisfactory, for the man is yet unborn who can indicate the "rise of Buddhism," to take but one example, in less than sixteen lines. It is a mistake to attempt to relate "Indian History, Asiatic and European," in the compass of a slim little book like the present. Surely, two volumes of the series might have been devoted to a subject so vast and difficult. At the same time, it is only fair to add that Mr. Talboys Wheeler could scarcely have turned to greater advantage the narrow space allotted to him.

"Memorials of Alexander Duff, D.D.," is the title of a little volume which has just reached us. It is written by the son of the great-hearted and far-seeing Indian missionary, but it is quite unworthy of its theme. It is difficult, indeed, to understand on what principle these "memorials" have been arranged, and the result is disappointing to the last degree. Here and there, it is true, we gain a vivid but fleeting glimpse of the distinguished preacher and philanthropist; but for the most part the volume is made up of disjointed fragments, and letters of no permanent value. The work entirely fails to give anything like a just account—even in outline—of Dr. Duff's noble character, and not merely self-denying but widely influential labours.

Dr. Annandale is making steady progress with the new edition of "Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia," a work of reference intended for the general reader. The sixth volume has just appeared, and it opens with an article on "Monaco," and ends with an explanation of the term "Postulate." The biographical articles are somewhat lamely written, but recent travel and scientific research are better represented. There are some good coloured maps, a few portraits, and many small illustrations.

"A Directory of Writers for the Literary Press" has just reached us in the shape of a pamphlet of some sixty closely printed pages. It contains a dreary alphabetical list of names of men and women who write for the press, and chiefly for the newspapers and reviews of America. Extremely little information, either biographical or literary, is possible in such a compilation, and we scarcely think that the result of Mr. Griswold's labours is worth the trouble which he has evidently taken. It would not be difficult to point out many errors and omissions; in fact, so far as England is concerned, the little volume is practically useless.

That useful work of reference, "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London," has now reached the fifty-fourth year of publication. Upwards of a thousand charitable institutions, big and little, figure in its pages, and it is possible at once to find out, by means of the simple alphabetical arrangement of the volume, facts and statistics about them all. It is a matter, we think, for congratulation that no new charitable institutions have started into existence during the past year. There are already enough and to spare of organisations of this kind; indeed, almost every

department of philanthropic activity is overcrowded. We do not mean, of course, that more money or effort is expended in this laudable work than can be employed with advantage; but when the means placed by the public at the disposal of the charities of London is taken into consideration, it will be seen at once that there is an urgent need for amalgamation. By this means efficient and at the same time influential management might be secured at less cost than is at present the case. We are sorry to notice that the London charities—so far, at least, as their financial condition is concerned—have not been very prosperous in the past year. Comparatively few legacies are reported, and in the majority of cases donations and subscriptions have not been on the generous scale of former years. The revenue of the London charities from legacies of £50 and upwards amounted, broadly speaking, to £250,000 during the past year. Two years ago, however, the sum obtained in a similar way amounted to three-quarters of a million, and in 1887 to more than a million. The donations—as well as the legacies—of £50 and upwards are also unsatisfactory; the amount is £80,000 as against £120,000 in 1888. It is pleasant, on the other hand, that the method of helping the hospitals by penny-a-week collections has made gratifying progress. The scheme was only broached twelve months ago, and it was not until October that the difficulties of working it were fully overcome; but during the last quarter about £3,000 has been subscribed in this way. The general hospitals of the metropolis are most inadequately supported, and those which are hidden away in the most poverty-stricken quarter of the town appear to receive the least consideration at the hands of people who are charitably disposed. One example of this must suffice. London Hospital, Whitechapel, maintains nearly 800 beds, and last year treated 8,503 in-patients, and no less than 109,839 out-patients. The yearly cost of the work is £51,000, whilst the assured income of the institution from endowments is but £18,000; yet during the past year London Hospital barely received a thousand pounds in legacies and bequests. This little book is crowded with figures and statistics, and nowhere else is it possible to obtain so complete and interesting a survey of the whole scope of philanthropic work within the metropolitan area.

Under the title of "Come Ye Apart," the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., of Philadelphia, has prepared a volume of "Daily Readings in the Life of Christ." The book offers itself as a companion, and seeks to replenish the hidden life. Dr. Miller's words are marked throughout by reverence, simplicity, and freshness. Sometimes the book reaches a high level of thought and expression, and it never falls much below the wisest and best spiritual teaching of the times. No attempt is made at formal exposition, nor does Dr. Miller trespass upon the province of the commentator. He has, however, written a thought-provoking, soul-stirring book, and one which is full of spiritual insight.

Mr. Muddock's "Guide to Switzerland" was published nine years ago, and is already in its eighth edition, a fact which attests the practical utility of the handy red-backed volume. The tourist is conducted through the country from Geneva to Bale, and no point of interest, to right or left, appears to have been neglected. One characteristic of the work merits special recognition; we refer to the chatty but explicit papers on "hotels and pensions," "baths and springs," "dress to wear," "mountaineering," and the like. The concluding pages of the work are devoted to a description of the Italian lakes. There are a number of good maps in the volume, as well as plans of the chief towns, and illustrations of the scenery. Mr. Muddock says that October is often the best month in the year in which to visit Switzerland, and visitors who arrive at such a time naturally receive much more attention than in July, August, and September, when every place is hot, dear, and crowded.

Dr. Purdon, of Belfast, has written a small work which he terms "A Handy Book for Invalids." The subject which it discusses is diet in relation to disease, and we imagine that most invalids will be inclined to kick at the conditions imposed. The book is written from the vegetarian standpoint, and Dr. Purdon puts his veto also on alcoholic beverages. The most sensible remarks in the book are the hints which are given on diet to sufferers from dyspepsia, gout, and diabetes, and we quite agree with the statement that a successful physician should learn to be a good cook.

NOTICE.

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INDIAN HISTORY—ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN. By J. Talboys Wheeler. (History Primers.) London: Macmillan & Co. 18mo. (1s.)

MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D. By his Son, W. Pirie Duff. London: James Nisbet & Co. Small crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

BLACKIE'S MODERN CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION. Edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. Vol. VI. London and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son, Limited. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

A DIRECTORY OF WRITERS FOR THE LITERARY PRESS, particularly in the United States. Third Edition. Edited and published by W. M. Griswold, Bangor, Maine, U.S.A. 8vo. (1 dol.)

LOW'S HANDBOOK TO THE CHARITIES OF LONDON FOR 1890. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. (4s. 6d.)

COME YE APART: DAILY READINGS IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

THE J. E. M. GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND. Edited by J. E. Muddock, F.R.G.S. Eighth Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 18mo. (4s. 6d.)

A HANDY BOOK FOR INVALIDS. The Dietary in the Treatment of Disease. By Henry S. Purdon, M.D. London: E. W. Allen. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

NOTICE.

Enlargement of THE SPEAKER.

On and after SATURDAY, JULY 5th, The Speaker will appear in an enlarged and improved form, and will be printed from entirely new type. This number being the first of a new volume, several additional features of interest and value will be introduced; whilst every effort will be made to maintain the high standard of literary excellence which has already secured for THE SPEAKER so warm a recognition from the reading public in England and abroad.

The TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX for Volume I. is in preparation, and may be obtained gratis on application to the Publishers.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE announcement made on Wednesday morning of the terms of the agreement between England and Germany on the East African question, fell with a severe shock upon the nerves of the Ministerialists. We comment fully upon those terms elsewhere, and show what is the truth as to the "spirited" foreign policy which LORD SALISBURY is supposed to be carrying out. It is more to the purpose here to note the manner in which the news was received by the Conservative newspapers. On Tuesday the *St. James's Gazette*, vainly endeavouring to conceal its disgust at LORD SALISBURY'S surrender to Germany, had declared the terms to be "barely tolerable." That was before anything was known of the surrender of Heligoland. When the announcement of this cession of European territory was made, the *St. James's* had the courage and honesty to declare that the proposal was altogether intolerable. In doing so it faithfully expressed the sentiments of Conservatives generally; though few of their other organs in the Press were equally outspoken. Every honest Tory knows how bitterly MR. GLADSTONE would have been denounced if this arrangement had been made by him, and although that hardly affects the intrinsic merits of the treaty, it naturally does influence its critics of the Ministerial party at home.

THE fortunes of Ministers during the past week have been unusually adverse, and the political barometer has indicated "very stormy weather." We mentioned last week the resignation of MR. MONRO owing to a difference of opinion with the Home Secretary. The explanation of this step which was given by MR. MATTHEWS in the House of Commons on Friday night was singularly adroit, and for the moment appeared to justify the Minister in his attitude towards the Chief Commissioner. Two reasons have been alleged for his resignation: one was the fact that the Home Secretary proposed to appoint his own private secretary to a position of great responsibility in the police force, for which the Chief Commissioner had recommended an old and experienced police official;

the other was the refusal by the Government to give way to the wishes of the force on the subject of police superannuation. MR. MATTHEWS explained that he had actually appointed the official recommended by MR. MONRO, and that a Bill of a very liberal character dealing with the question of superannuation was immediately to be laid before Parliament. Unfortunately it appeared a day or two later that the appointment of MR. HOWARD was really due to the resignation of MR. MONRO, and that it would never have been made but for the step taken by the Chief Commissioner. It also transpired that the Police Superannuation Bill laid before Parliament was different from that which the Home Secretary had submitted to the Chief Commissioner. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that MR. MATTHEWS has been seeking to win a verdict in his favour from the public by means which, to say the least, are not usually adopted by Ministers who have quarrelled with their subordinates. The general feeling both in the House of Commons and the country is distinctly unfavourable to the Home Secretary.

WE have referred elsewhere to the exciting scene which was witnessed in the House on Monday night, when MR. BALFOUR succeeded in goading the Irish members, MR. DILLON in particular, into a state of almost painful exasperation. It was not a scene upon which the friends of Parliament can reflect with equanimity, and if it had not been for the tact of the Speaker it might have assumed a very dangerous as well as disagreeable character. MR. BALFOUR'S mode of treating the Irish members is not different from what it was when he first took office, but his own supporters are now more fully alive than they were originally to the unnecessarily offensive and irritating character of his replies to questions which are put by the representatives of Ireland. Englishmen, with their more or less phlegmatic temperament, may possibly be somewhat puzzled by the extreme sensitiveness of men like MR. DILLON, who have bravely suffered on behalf of Irish freedom, to mere verbal taunts and insinuations, but it is a mistake to attempt to judge Irishmen by English rules of conduct, and it is unfortunately only too clear that MR. BALFOUR'S methods have the effect of producing extreme anger on the Irish benches. If MR. BALFOUR were a wiser man than he is, he would know that his manner of dealing with Irish questions is a grave mistake. As it is, we have learned not to expect wisdom from the Irish Secretary, but some of his colleagues might surely bring their influence to bear upon him in order to curb those displays of temper on his part which have so much to do with the creation of "scenes" in the House of Commons.

THE misfortunes of the Government culminated on Thursday in a division on the first clause of the Local Taxation Bill, in which Ministers secured a majority of four only, the voting being 228 to 224. This virtual defeat was ascribed by the partisans of the Government to a trick on the part of the Opposition, and very strong language on the subject is used in the Tory newspapers. As a matter of fact it appears that both sides had "whipped" for a division before dinner—that is, about seven o'clock. The